

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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GOD'S SIX DAYS

A COMPANY TO MAKE MEN POOR NEIGHBOURS LIMITED

One More of the Good Things
Being Done Every Day

THE SURRENDER OF RICHES

A remarkable thing has just been born in our midst. It is called Neighbours Limited, and has registered offices in Westminster as if it were an ordinary business founded to make the promoters rich, instead of which its object is to make them poor.

Neighbours Limited has been founded by Viscount Ennismore, heir to the Earldom of Listowel, now 22. He and a group of other rich men were haunted by the thought that they were hypocrites, professing to be Christians yet ignoring the plain commandment of Christ to give all to the poor.

A Title Given Up

These rich men determined to renounce their wealth, and Viscount Ennismore has given up his title, as well. He is to be plain Mr. William Francis Hare, and to earn his own living.

The money given up by these remarkable men will be handed over to the company, who will give it away to the poor, but set aside a reserve fund in case the members are sick or unemployed. An allowance of £3 will be paid to a single man and £4 to one who is married.

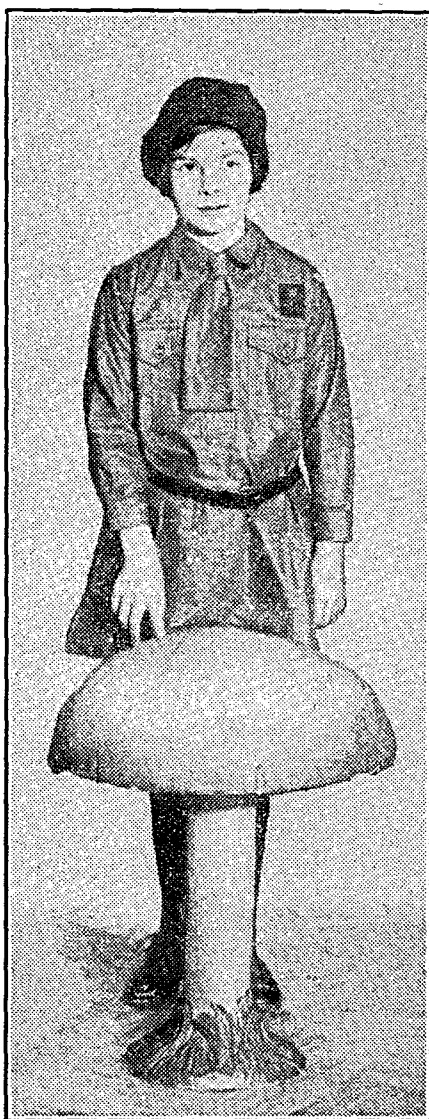
This sacrifice comes like an answer to the message of the new Archbishop of York, who said that if we were truly Christian we should be as horrified at other people's children living in slums as if they were our own children. (We ourselves were horrified the other day to hear of a Girl Guide taking a little Christmas gift to a house at Dartford and finding the door blocked by the bed, so that the gift had to be passed through the window. It is a disgrace to a town.)

Blow to Cynicism

The birth of Neighbours Limited is one more blow at the cynical view of things. It is easy to call the world selfish and hypocritical, yet the world is constantly giving us men who lay down their lives and their fortunes for others. There is a heaven working in the world, a heaven two thousand years old, and one day the world will be as Christ would have it. That day is drawing nearer.

In times to come the foundation of Neighbours Limited may seem something more than a great romance; it may seem the beginning of a new order, an order of Christian chivalry unable to enjoy luxury while others are in want. If many men and women join it, and if it continues in the high mood of its conception, it may do more than many an Act of Parliament to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. Neighbours Limited may come to mean neighbourliness unlimited, and friendliness everywhere.

Wolf Cub and Brownie



The young Earl Haig was enrolled as a Wolf Cub the other day at Cardigan House, Richmond, and his sister was made a Brownie. It was one of the last wishes of their father that they should join the packs attached to the factory where Armistice Day poppies are made.

IN THE BEGINNING

In six days God made Heaven and Earth—we all know the beautiful poem in Genesis with which the Bible opens its wondrous pages.

It is remarkably like the idea of modern science in its description of the way the world was made. Now, the researches of Dr. Harlow Shapley into the depths of that universe of stars which sprang into existence at the bidding of the Creator afford a scientific basis for the Bible story.

Dr. Shapley some years ago turned the great Mount Wilson telescope on to the most distant objects of the starry Universe, the globular clusters and the spiral nebulae; and discovered that they were so distant that light from some of them might take two hundred thousand or even a million years to reach us.

Others have examined these far abysses with this knowledge, till it has dawned on the astronomers, not only in America but in Sweden and Canada and Holland, that our vast galaxy the Milky Way is turning, as the Earth rotates,

as the Sun turns on its axis. It was a famous Dutch astronomer, Kapteyn, who first demonstrated the movements of the stars of our Milky Way, though others before had guessed it; and since his discovery the world's astronomers have come to the conclusion that the best explanation of these movements is that the whole vast disc of stars is whirling about some unknown axis.

If this is true, then there must be a period of its revolution. The Earth revolves in a day, the Sun in about 27 days. The Universe, with its ten million stars, revolves perhaps in about 300 million years.

That, then, would be the day of the Universe, the Universal Day, the Cosmic Day. Six such days would amount to 1800 million years, and that is the time in which it is believed that a planet like the Earth might be solidified, from fragments thrown off from its Sun, into the world as we know it.

So that we have six Cosmic Days for the making of the Earth, and that is the time in the beautiful Bible story.

THE LOST WATCH

A JEWEL'S JOURNEY THROUGH TIME

How a Mole Brought It To
Light at Last

HOME AGAIN

About 360 years ago a woman was riding hard across a Scottish moor. At one point her horse stumbled into a bog and the rider came down.

In the scramble of getting the horse out, the lady lost her watch, but a watch more or less was nothing to her, for she was Mary Queen of Scots.

The spot, not far from Jedburgh, where the Queen's horse foundered came to be known as the Queen's Mire.

Time passed by. Spring after spring sent out exquisite new colour across the moor. Sheep and lambs nibbled the grass.

Two centuries after Mary Stuart's tragic end a shepherd came on a curious sight. He was crossing the moor and found at his feet a newly turned-up heap of earth, left in a tidy mound. Something hard was sticking out of the heap. A mole had burrowed up the watch!

A Family Heirloom

The shepherd took it up and turned it wonderingly over, remembering stories he had heard of the Scottish Queen and the watch she lost one autumn day in 1566. He had never seen a prettier watch. It was octagonal in shape and the case showed, as he rubbed it, how beautifully carved it had been when it left the hands of the Frenchman who made it.

The shepherd took the watch to the owner of the land where he had found it, and in this man's family the Queen's watch became a most precious possession. It was handed down as an heirloom, generation after generation; and if there had been any doubts as to its authenticity when it came into the family's possession there was none when a century had passed by.

When the grandmothers of C.N. readers were little girls the member of the family in whose possession the Queen's watch was took it on a journey to the Transvaal. There it stayed for a generation, and many curious eyes looked on it, and many a finger touched its worn case.

Now the watch has come back over the seas to Scotland. By a charming and gracious act it has been given to the Jedburgh Town Council, and in future it will be kept in the Queen's House in Jedburgh.

THE PLANE ALONG THE BEACH

A C.N. friend who has just flown to Paris writes to say that when the plane turned south from Boulogne it came down almost to the water, and sailed along the shore so close that the dogs ran after it along the beach. It was almost like riding in a car.

NOTHING LIKE GRASS

AN EXPERT'S ADVICE TO FARMERS

The Best Food For Our Millions of Cattle and Sheep

OUR GREEN ACRES

It must come as something of a rebuff to manufacturers of cattle foods and to growers of our great root crops to be told that the best food in the world for cattle is grass.

Such, however, is the opinion expressed by Lord Bledisloe, a high authority on agriculture, to a meeting of experts.

Grass is the natural food of our cattle; one of the causes of the success of South American cattle is, he says, that they are fed on natural food. Animals from the north of England and from Scotland sell well in our markets because they also are fed on grass and herbage.

As a leader in the sphere of grassland culture Lord Bledisloe urged more scientific cultivation of our pastures, even suggesting that farmers will have to consider if it would not pay them to lay down entirely new grass.

Old Methods and New

It was but a little while ago that the C.N. drew a contrast between old conditions and modern, and showed how, in our forefathers' time, when grass was all we had to depend on for winter feed, all save a few animals were slaughtered in the autumn because they could not be kept alive. There is, after all, something to be said in defence of our artificial system of feeding.

Whereas in the old days fresh, wholesome animal food was unknown for six months in the year, we have now milk for every meal, fresh meat for every day of every week in the year, fresh butter, cream, and eggs, and with the coming of the January lambs our flocks actually increase in size during the winter instead of being reduced to a few store sheep with the remainder mouldering in imperfect salt tubs.

Phantom herds and phantom flocks, a beggarly remnant of both as known to old-time English winters, have given place to immense numbers of animals which rely very largely on human bounty for food during the dark, pinching days of the year.

A Vast Assemblage

We have in Great Britain over 12 million cattle, 27 million sheep, and over three million pigs. Our grass is too tardy of growth in winter to keep that vast assemblage of creatures alive. South America has millions on millions of acres of natural pasture growing all the year round. We envy its riches but cannot rival them, do what we will. Our climate does not permit it.

Even where grassland is extensive and the quality of its product good there is a certain amount of finishing off with bought food, in addition to grass, for our graziers to provide. Then we have nearly two million horses to maintain. It is useless to pretend that mere grass is the ideal food for them.

But our farmers, we are sure, will profit from the assurance that grass is the best food for their cattle.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A MS. of Thomas Hardy . . .	£6800
MS. page of Johnson's dictionary . . .	£2200
1st ed. Johnson's Shakespeare . . .	£800
William III coffee-pot . . .	£245
Commonwealth chalice . . .	£195
George III bacon dish . . .	£91
Georgian tea urn . . .	£77
George III inkstand . . .	£74

A DISCOVERER OF UNKNOWN ENGLAND

Kent Coal from the Channel Tunnel

THE YOUNG MAN WHO FOUND IT

Sir William Boyd Dawkins, who has just passed away at 91, discovered a bit of Unknown England. He found the Kent Coalfield.

Now that we are all talking of the Channel Tunnel again we are told that the tunnel is "full of trade." So it is, but few people, perhaps, remember that Kent coal is the first product of the tunnel.

The coal in that vast basin below the chalk was suspected when Dawkins was a young and ardent geologist, but the borings for it had not been very successful. However, the geologist's faith never faltered, and forty years ago he saw and seized an opportunity of justifying it.

Boring for Coal

One of the many plans for making the Channel Tunnel was in charge of an enterprising chairman, Sir Edward Watkin, who had got so far as to sink a shaft.

Why not make a boring from it, urged Boyd Dawkins, and try to find the coal? It was done. Coal was touched at 1100 feet and thirteen seams in another 70 feet. That was the beginning of the new Kent Coalfield which may some day change the face and population of the south-eastern corner of England.

He left many other things by which he will be remembered. He was a great student of Ancient Man, and led the way in the discovery of the great beasts which roamed England from London to Manchester before the last Ice Age.

TIRED OF DOING NOTHING

20 Men of Walsall Speak

This is a letter from twenty unemployed men of Walsall to the mayor of the town. A committee has been appointed to see if anything can be done. We refer to the matter in the leading article on Page 6.

We have tried in vain to find work. We have received allowances either from the unemployment fund or the guardians. We believe it may be possible to find work of use to the public, and we shall be glad of the opportunity of making some return for the money we are receiving.

We recognise that it would still be necessary for us to comply with the regulations which govern grants of relief and to continue to seek employment. We believe this can be done by arranging any work undertaken by the volunteer legion in morning and afternoon shifts, and we think we shall not be less likely to succeed in finding employment if it is thus made clear that we are not willing to be idle.

NEXT WEEK'S C.N.

Prizes for Teachers and Scholars

Next week's C.N. will be the first number of an enlarged issue in celebration of its approaching tenth birthday.

In future it is hoped to make the paper 16 pages each week, and to bring it into line with other newspapers by placing it at the service of the advertiser.

A Colour Supplement will be given with next week's issue containing particulars of a very interesting prize scheme, concerning the Flags and Countries of the World. There will be £400 in prizes for boys and girls, and £60 has been set aside for the teachers of the prize-winners.

An early order should be given to newsagents to avoid delay in delivery.

OLD IN WELLDON

The Brave Old Doctor of Camberwell

98 YEARS OF GOOD LIFE

Many who had never heard of that brave old doctor, Sir David Serjeant of Camberwell, will wish that he had lived to see two more birthdays.

Into his 98 years he had crowded more adventures than would fill the lives of several ordinary men. He went out to Australia in the earliest days of the gold rush but, though he saw gold turned up like raisins in a plum pudding, none ever stuck to his fingers.

Instead, he nearly died of pneumonia in a hospital which was a wooden shanty. Melbourne, which looks like a slice of London now, was then a town of planks strung together with nails and canvas.

Paper-hanging, gardening, house painting, bricklaying, the student of Guy's Hospital tried them all before becoming a lawyer's clerk, and playing in the Victorian cricket eleven.

Back to England

It was the year 1859 when he came back to England and to Guy's, little better off than when he started.

He bought a practice in the sixties, and then, all his travelling days done, he settled down to the daily round, the common task, of a general practitioner. For sixty years Camberwell depended on him, and not in vain.

This is a little dialogue that took place at the inquest on this brave doctor.

Police Constable: Sir David said to me, "I dropped my handkerchief, and fell down in trying to pick it up. I think I have broken my left thigh."

The Doctor: Sir David was very courageous; he discussed his injury as calmly as if it were someone else's. He qualified in circumstances of great money difficulty, in a very courageous way.

The Coroner: He was one of the grand old men of Camberwell.

The Doctor: Absolutely. All the doctors in the district were very proud of him.

FILTHY TRAINS

The Good Name of the Southern Railway

The C.N. has again and again paid its warm tributes to the proud enterprise of the Southern Railway, but it was more than time that the protest of Mr. Cunningham Graham appeared. Mr. Graham had to ride down to Southampton in bitter winter weather in a cold and dirty carriage, and we are sorry to say that in spite of all the improvements on the Southern Railway this charge is often true.

What frequently happens on this line is that passengers have to change from a warm train into a cold one. From London to Swanley the carriages will be warm and clean, but for the unfortunate passengers who change at Swanley for Maidstone the carriages are frequently cold and filthy. We are sorry to say that filthy is the only word.

We add our protest to Mr. Cunningham Graham's because it is time that this thing ended, and that the Southern Railway deserved its good name all round.

A PROUD FIFTY YEARS

The B.O.P.

The Editor of the C.N., in the 21st year of his children's papers, is delighted to pay a tribute to the Boy's Own Paper in its Jubilee Year.

It has been all that the Prime Minister said of it at the Jubilee Luncheon. It stands among the pioneers, and no man knows what it has wrought by weaving itself into the lives of the boys of 50 years. The C.N. hopes to receive congratulations from the B.O.P. on its own jubilee in 1969.

TREASURE TROVE

A LABOURER'S DISCOVERY IN SUSSEX

The Little Jar of Gold Found Buried in the Earth

AS OLD AS JOAN OF ARC

Something has happened at Horsted Keynes in Sussex which should start a great revival in treasure-seeking.

There has always been a tradition that there was buried treasure near Broadhurst Manor, but many people laughed at it as an old wives' tale and said, with truth, that there are such traditions in many places.

In the past, no doubt, people have gone digging for the treasure, with no luck. The other day a labourer named Farnfield was working there when, about nine inches below the surface, he came upon a little earthenware jar filled with gold. There were 64 coins slightly larger than half-a-crown, and all so bright that it was hard to realise that they had been in the earth for centuries.

Rare Rose Nobles

The coins are nobles, some are rose nobles, and many of them are rare pieces. They bear dates from the time of Edward the Third to Henry the Sixth.

It was Edward the Third who established a gold coinage where hitherto silver had sufficed. Henry had tried to introduce gold and failed. Edward had the gold florin struck in 1343 and the gold noble in 1344, with a ship and a crowned seaman on the obverse to remind men of the Battle of Sluis, it is said. His coins were so beautiful that they were copied in the Netherlands, in Scotland, and in Germany.

When Edward IV came to the throne he did not put his head on the money, but distinguished his noble by putting a rose on one side and a sun on the other. A noble was current at 6s. 8d., and the 20s. gold piece did not come till the reign of Henry the Seventh.

These rare, important, and beautiful coins are treasure trove, and belong to the Crown, but the Sussex labourer who found them is likely to receive a substantial reward.

An Ancient Manor

It is odd that he should succeed by accident where others had failed, and odder still that anyone should have left what was once a fortune lying in the earth. Perhaps, like Pepys, he buried it in plague time, and, unlike Pepys, he may have been struck down before he could tell others exactly where to find the gold. He must have lived some time after 1422, when Joan of Arc was a little girl keeping sheep in Domremy.

Broadhurst Manor is one of the most ancient manors in Sussex, and legend says there was once a monastery there. A Bishop of Dunblane lies in the village churchyard, so this tale, like the tale of buried treasure, is probably true. But whether the collector of gold nobles was abbot, knight, or merchant we shall probably never know.

THINGS SAID

London is still the pulse and centre of the entire world. *Lord Melchett*

Our railways still remain the safest in the world. *Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.*

He who is preaching war today should be examined for insanity.

Burgomaster of Frankfurt

Christ was not so concerned about getting men into Heaven as about getting Heaven into men. *Rev. H. Samuel*

Can anyone say that civilisation would be much poorer if the centuries between 600 and 1100 A.D. were blotted out?

Dean Inge

The coming of the white man has been a blessing to black Africa. Peace is guaranteed. Tribal war has ceased.

General Smuts

THE SULTAN'S SON

Jolly Little Seyyid Ali

A MEMORY FOR OLD HARROW BOYS

One day a lonely little boy, with dusky skin, snub nose, and black woolly hair, arrived at Lady Cave's house in London.

His father was the Sultan of Zanzibar, and desired that his heir should go to school in England. Lady Cave had been asked to keep him and be kind to him for a few weeks before term began.

Seyyid Ali soon cheered up and quickly learned English. He was a jolly little boy, and not a bit spoiled. It was his delight to stand before Lady Cave telling stories about terrible djinns and trying to make her blood run cold. If she pretended to shudder his eyes would sparkle and he would plunge into a still more grisly spook story.

Someone's Fag

At last he had to leave her and face a big English public school. At Harrow he was nicknamed Snowdrop, and became someone's fag. The heir of the Sultan was made to clean boots. But he did not mind this very much.

Then at 16 he returned to his own country, travelling with Lady Cave and her distinguished husband, who was afterwards to become Lord Chancellor. In her delightful book on Three Journeys Lady Cave tells of the exciting moment when the steamer reached Zanzibar, the palm-fringed island lying in the deep blue sea.

The Sultan's barge came out to meet H.H. Seyyid Ali. It was a white and scarlet vessel, with a carved canopy and a great gilt throne, rowed by 22 Swahilis in crimson, green, and gold. Ten thousand people had assembled ashore, a flag was hoisted, and a salute of 19 guns was fired.

The little prince turned to Lady Cave and murmured, "I wish those Harrow chaps could see me now!"

Poor Snowdrop

Poor Snowdrop! Amid pleasures and palaces he wished for Harrow again. He was greatly upset when he learned that he had to marry at once a little girl whose face he would not see till the wedding day. "How those Harrow chaps would rag," he said ruefully.

He could not get used to African notions. After he became Sultan he abdicated in favour of a kinsman, and gave himself up to travel. He died in Paris in 1918, at 33.

Perhaps if he had not gone to an English school he might have been happier in Africa, but who can tell? It would seem that he cared less for the grandeurs of a palace than for "those Harrow chaps."

Let us hope a few old Harrow boys still remember poor Snowdrop.

THE FLY UPSIDE DOWN

How It Does It

Of late years we have been taught to look at the fly with a suspicion that borders on dislike, but Dr. C. Tierney lately showed an audience of Nature Study children that there was one other way of looking at it.

Look at its feet, the wonderful feet with which it walks on the ceiling. The youngest of us may know that the fly can walk so by suction. But when the fly, having planted a foot firmly on the ceiling and put the sucker in action, wishes to release the foot how is it done?

How does the sucker come away? If it did not and the fly started to fly the legs would surely be left on the ceiling. The reason these disturbing things do not happen is that the fly, by moving a hair on its hairy feet, lets air into the sucker and so takes off the pressure.

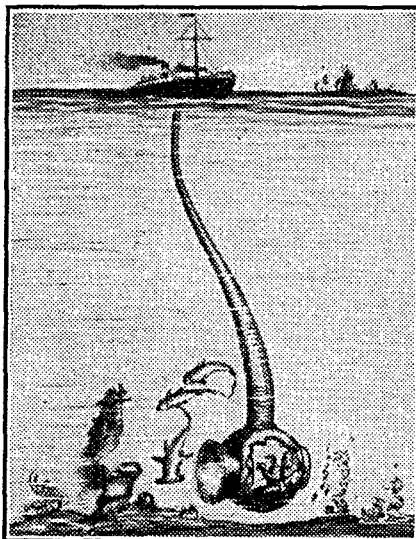
A LOOK-OUT ON THE OCEAN BED



Mr. and Mrs. Williamson at the bottom of the sea



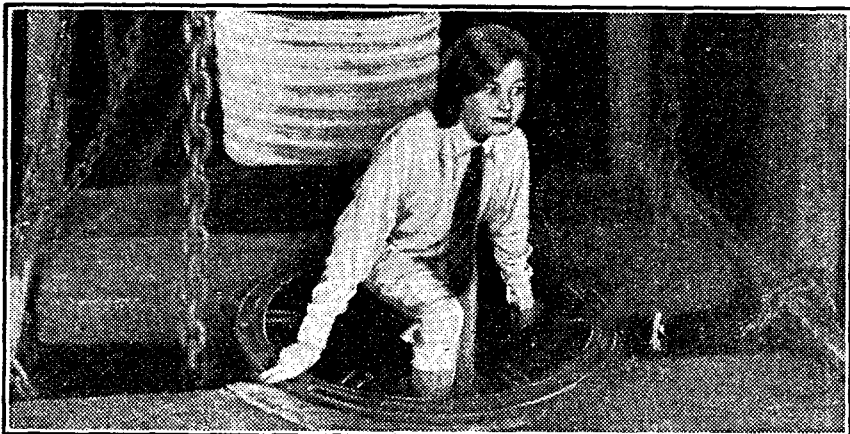
Watching a dive through a window



The Line of Communication



A shark on the prowl in an undersea garden



Going down to the ocean bed

Two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williamson, have spent a most unusual holiday taking photographs on the bed of the ocean off the Bahama Islands. They had an undersea studio, access to which was gained through a flexible tube leading from a boat, as these pictures show.

THE ANCIENT PRIDE OF ROME

MUSSOLINI BRINGING IT BACK

A Good Word for the Chief of All the Dictators

BOLDNESS AND VISION

Of course the C.N. is a keen supporter of government of the people by the people for the people wherever the people know how to take their own part.

But when they do not know, or have made a complete muddle of it, all history shows that a strong man comes along and straightens things up.

The most sensational modern instances are Mustapha Kemal in Turkey and Benito Mussolini in Italy. It seems now that another of the same type is needed in Serbia.

Italy's Central City

Let us do justice to these dictators, though they may make mincemeat of our British methods of democracy. Kemal has remade Turkey, and has made it on a better pattern. Mussolini has done wonders in Italy, and done some of them extraordinarily well. One of Mussolini's big successes is his treatment of the city of Rome, a place that belongs to all the intelligent world. It is only fair to temper our criticism of much of his work by making that admission, cordially. He is being a friend to Rome.

Rome is the central city of Italy, the natural link between the very different northern and southern regions. It is sacred to all Italian minds. But it is not at peace. It is dragged three ways at once. There is ancient Rome, still largely hidden underground, though its long past has had a degree of resurrection unequalled elsewhere. There is the modern Rome that until recently had cluttered up ancient Rome and seemed dead to its grandeur. And there is the Rome of the future that must worthily continue through the centuries, the living spirit of the great past.

Ancient and Modern Rome

Now Mussolini, we must gratefully admit, has understood what must be done to reveal and preserve historic Rome; to make the Rome of today fit for companionship with the Rome which ruled the world; and to give to the Rome of the future the expansion it will need.

The unearthing of ancient Rome is steadily progressing. More and more will it become a museum of antiquity. Quiet delving through the dust of 1500 years goes on. The practical Italy of today does not ignore the greatness that vanished. On the contrary it is busy clearing away commonplace accumulations that were intrusions on the dignity of the past. It is reorganising its tramways and street traffic that ancient Rome may be the better staged to impress the traveller.

Providing for Future Needs

At the same time modern Rome keeps in view the aim of commemorating its present history on a scale of monumental dignity that will be in keeping with the art of earlier times. And, further, future needs are being provided for in outlying suburbs, reached by well-planned roads, so that central Rome may not be choked by future growths as it has been choked during undiscerning periods in its past.

In short, whatever we may think about Italy's foresight in the art of government, in many practical ways, especially in the continuance of the dignity and influence of her capital, she is acting with boldness and vision; and what Italy does today means what Mussolini does, for he is the inspiration of her corporate life, and without him who shall say what she would be?

THE DEADLY BUBBLE

A POINT FROM THE RYE DISASTER

The Danger of a Mixture of Air and Water

CAPTAIN WEBB AT NIAGARA

Air drowns a water-breathing animal; water drowns a man; a mixture of air and water is fatal to both.

This fact has been recalled by a scientist as a possible solution of the mystery of the death of the gallant Rye lifeboatmen, all of whom lost their lives within sight of home.

The suggestion is supported by a clergyman of Hounslow from an experience of his own. When he was a young man in China, sailing down the Fu-ang River, he was tempted to swim down a small rapid. On rising to the surface of the water from his dive he was horrified to find the greatest difficulty in drawing breath. "A sea of bubbles was bursting all around (he says) and I was well-nigh suffocated. Fortunately the reach was short, or I might have been choked."

Question and Answer

Why, then, should air in the water drown us, seeing that it is air we need to sustain life? The explanation is that churned, frothing water in which bubbles mingle lacks the weight (the specific gravity) necessary to float the body which displaces it. We sink through such a mixture and drown because air is present in too small a volume to enable us to breathe but in too large a measure to permit us to float at the surface of the water.

A fish would drown in such water because it must take water into its gills and obtain from it oxygen in solution. Presumably the effect of frothy water on the fish would be similar to that experienced by a diver who, rising too rapidly from the depths, causes the air which has penetrated his tissues to gas off and form bubbles which may paralyse his joints, enter his brain and damage it, or, reaching the heart, stop the flow of blood as an air-lock in a pipe stops the flow of water from a tap.

An Air-and-Water Compound

There is a famous witness of the fatal effect of bubbling water on a swimmer. It was this mixture, not Niagara itself, which destroyed the life of Captain Webb, the first man to swim the English Channel. He was drowned in an air-and-water compound.

To drown him seemed an impossibility. He had performed unparalleled feats of endurance in the water, in rivers, in the sea near home, in the wide ocean where he sailed his ships. Leander with his nightly swim across the Dardanelles was a tyro compared with this hardy Englishman.

Webb had successfully matched himself to outswim a Newfoundland dog, which of all animals tamed by man is supposed to be most at home in the water; and in days when the preparation for a Channel swim was a primitive hazard he swam for nearly 22 hours and covered practically forty miles in making the crossing from Dover to Calais.

In the Seething Whirlpool

It was when his fortunes were declining that Webb undertook to swim the rapids and whirlpool at the foot of Niagara Falls. Everybody tried to dissuade him, but the man was indomitable. He was brave to the point of madness. He plunged into the water and for eight minutes swam gallantly on. Then he entered the seething whirlpool and was engulfed. Boiling and foaming, the water could not support his body. He threw up his arms and was seen to sink like a stone.

Thousands of people saw him disappear from sight. His body was recovered seven miles below the Falls. Not water, but air and water mixed, killed bold Captain Webb.

JUDGE NO MAN BY HIS COAT

A Hero from the Workhouse

STORY WITH A GOOD ENDING

It would be a great mistake to think that people who have no shelter but the workhouse are all good for nothing.

The other day a man called Albert William Sweet left the workhouse at Epsom and started to walk to the workhouse at Chertsey. He was a sailor, tramping about in search of work and sleeping in casual wards. For some time he had not had enough to eat and he was weak and dispirited by his failure to get a job.

By and by his road brought him to the banks of the River Mole, and he saw a man rush to the bank and fling himself in. Sweet followed, and after a struggle almost brought the man ashore, but then his strength gave out and the frenzied man escaped him.

A Terrific Struggle

It was only with great difficulty that Sweet managed to get to the bank himself. He got a boat and paddled back, but the man sank for ever. When Sweet reached the shore once more he collapsed from exhaustion and was taken to Chertsey Infirmary. It would not have been strange if a man in his condition had died from the icy water and the terrific struggle. Luckily Sweet recovered, to hear a police inspector tell the coroner that the attempted rescue was one of the most gallant acts he had ever heard of, and that strangers had offered to give Sweet work. The tale has, therefore, a good ending.

Those who saw him leave Epsom Workhouse thought "There goes a tramp," but they should have said "there goes a hero." It behoves us to be very careful not to judge a man by his coat.

METAL COATS FOR ANYTHING

A Wonderful New Idea

Another wonder of electro-plating has been announced.

Dr. Vladimir Einstein has invented a means of thickly plating objects of wood, plaster, or porcelain, so as to give them an electric coating of metal which makes them enormously stronger.

It is not long since Dr. Sheppard told the world how to electro-plate things with rubber, a perfect non-conductor. As far back as the fifth century soldiers used to dip their iron swords into copper solutions and give them a coating of metallic copper. Over a thousand years later the famous chemist Paracelsus discovered that iron objects dipped in the blue coppery waters of Schmöllnitz, in Hungary, became coated with copper, and for many years he and his followers thought the transmutation of metals had been discovered.

A Revolution in Industry

An exhibition of various articles plated with metal by Dr. Einstein's process was given the other day in London, and experts thought the method would lead to a revolution in many industries. Wood, plaster, cement, and so on can be rendered proof against water, steam, and chemical fumes, and even such flimsy material as plywood can be given the strength of steel when electrically coated with metal.

The invention is one of very great importance in connection with aircraft, as new materials of great strength, but extremely light, can be made for their construction.

Thick and strong electro-plate coatings are not easy to give to non-conducting materials, but the new invention has found a successful way of solving the problem.

IN PERIL ON THE SEA

Drifting a Thousand Miles

EXCITING VOYAGE TO ABERDEEN

Twenty-six days adrift in a steamer which had lost its propeller in a winter storm of the Atlantic—that was the experience of sixteen Scandinavian seamen who were brought at last into Aberdeen Harbour.

Twenty-six days, tossed almost without steerage away among the hostile waves, hither and thither for a thousand miles—what a desperate trial of endurance! The ship, the Ole Aarvold, had left Buffalo with a cargo of grain for Oslo in the first week of December. She had been given up for lost!

The propeller was smashed in the racing seas when some hundred miles west of Ireland. The crew rigged sails, but the damage to the propeller tunnel made steering impossible.

Signalling With a Hand Lamp

Ten days the Ole Aarvold was buffeted hither and thither off Ireland. Once she came within sixty miles of land; four vessels were sighted but did not reply to the ship's call for help. She had no wireless or electric light, and could only signal with a hand lamp.

The crew's provisions ran short. They had to resort to their cargo of wheat. They manned the pumps to get the water out of the propeller tunnel, but as the days wore on a new danger appeared before the eyes of the hungry and desperate men. They were drifting north out of the track of shipping.

Then, at the dwindling hour of hope, they lighted their last flare to attract the attention of a trawler. It was the Wimpole coming back from Iceland with fish for Grimsby. The Wimpole saw the Ole Aarvold, came alongside, and towed her 350 miles to Aberdeen, where she arrived with only five tons of coal in her bunkers.

It was as close as that—but what a day it was for Captain Berndsen and the fourteen men of the Ole Aarvold when the Wimpole came alongside and gave them their first meat meal for a fortnight!

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Ministry of Agriculture has issued a capital book on vegetable growing (1s. 3d. post free).

Hungary has only one glassworks in the whole country. Two new ones are now to be started.

Horse-drawn and other slow traffic is forbidden in congested parts of Paris between 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Five in a Family

Five members of a family at Workington in Cumberland have reached a combined age of 429 years.

His Employment

Frederick Roake, unemployed, has just received two certificates for life-saving.

A Fortune for Oxford

Oxford University has received a fortune of nearly £100,000 by the will of Mr. Charles M. Powell of Guildford.

99

Mrs. Anne Stansall, of Mansfield, in her 99th year, still does her own cooking, washing, and housework.

Locust Swarms

Immense swarms of locusts are invading Palestine, one toward Petra, one to Wadi Arabah, and one to Maan.

The Small Hours

Mr. Henry Ford has abolished the midnight shift at his works because the hours after midnight are not productive enough.

Active at 80

At the Paris law courts there is an old lady of 80, who has been employed for the last fifty years as shorthand writer, and is still active.

THREE FOR A FARTHING

WHAT TO READ IN THE TELUGU COUNTRY

Weaving a Garland of Knowledge for the Very Poor

A GOOD PIECE OF WORK

When in this country we have learned to read we can always find things we like to read. Papers and books can be found by the thousand on our book-stalls and in our libraries.

But when the children in the Telugu country of South India have learned to read they have no Children's Newspaper in their own language; and even if they have the money to spend there is little that they can buy, because there are very few books and they are very poor.

There are something like 600,000 Christian natives in the Telugu country. Most of them, before they became Christians, were outcastes, and could not read or write. It was not considered right to give education to the outcastes. But when that day for them was ended, and through the teaching of missionaries they became Christians, they were not left in ignorance. Schools were started for them. They were taught to read and write.

The Power of Reading

But, though there were schools, the poor outcastes did not always see what good education was for their children. They needed them to work in the fields, so that they did not attend school regularly. When they left school and could read they would only have in their village a Bible and hymn book belonging to the teacher. Now the power of reading, like every other power, needs use, or it is soon lost. Many of the outcaste scholars, not having books to read, forgot the little that they had learned, and ten years after leaving school could hardly write their own names.

It became clear to their teachers, and to that fine body of men and women who have carried Christianity into India, that books must be provided. They must be simple in style, and very cheap, for the outcastes have little money. They must deal with village life. Knowing this, many societies united to bring out a series of small books called *Gnanamalika*, which means Garland of Knowledge. These little books are from 16 to 24 pages, and deal with such subjects as common ailments and household remedies; how to act in epidemics of plague and cholera; the advantages of education; the evils of drink and opium; mosquitoes and fleas; and how to keep a village clean. There are also little biographies, and pamphlets which give religious teaching in the simplest form.

A Great Success

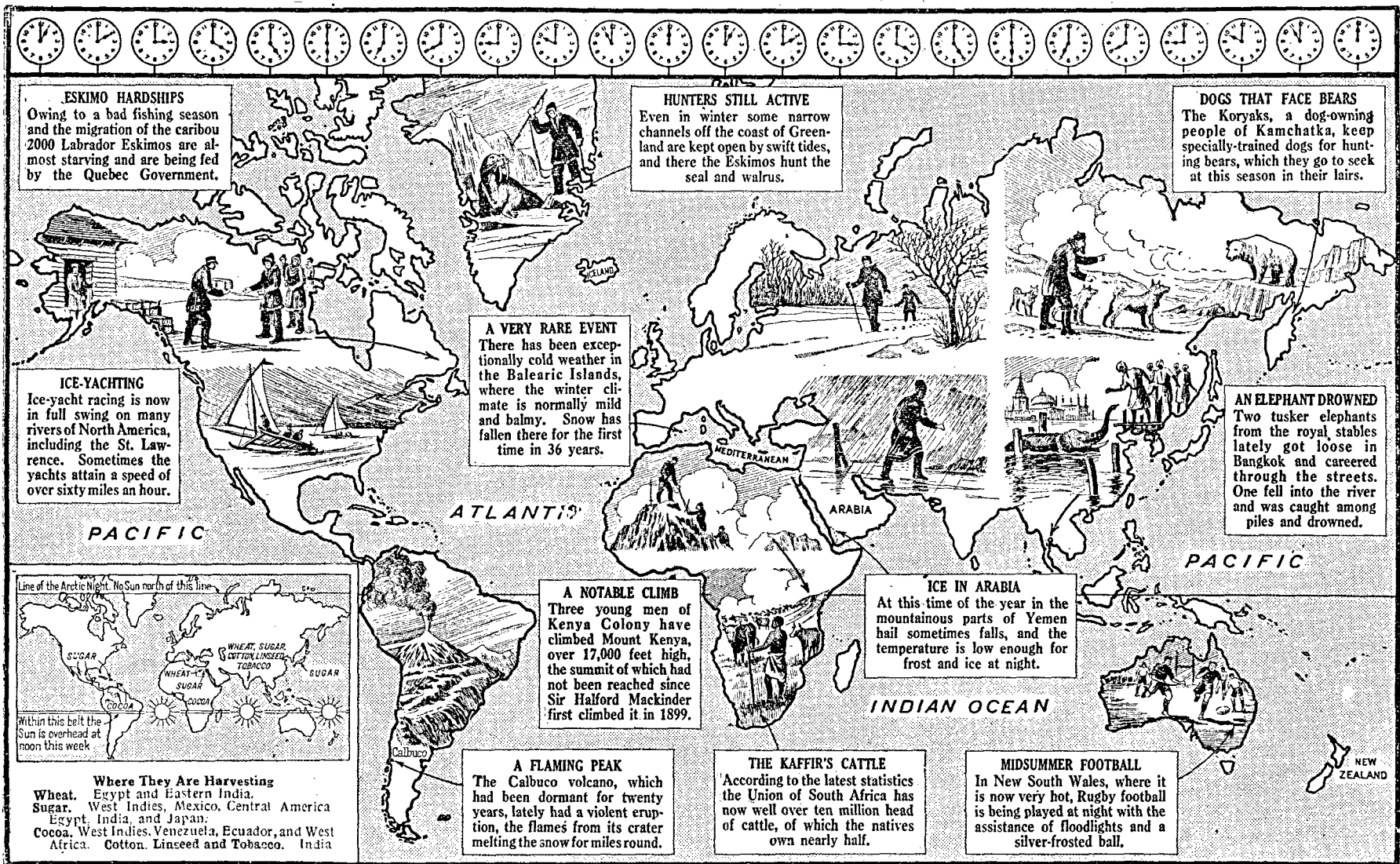
The Garland of Knowledge has met with great success, about 200,000 copies having been issued in eighteen months. But they have to be sold at *three for a farthing* if the poor people are to buy them, so that on every book sold the good people of the missions lose money. They are willing to do this because they see that the future of these outcastes depends on their reading.

One of our friends (Rev. F. L. Marler), who has been giving all his time to this work for years, has it in his mind to do for the Telugu people what the C.N. does for English children; and every reader of C.N. will give him a cheer as he goes about his work for the poor villagers of South India. The Editor has gladly given him permission to print anything from these columns for the benefit of his Telugu people.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Balearic	Bal-eh-ahr-ik
Humboldt	Hoom-bolt
Paracelsus	Par-a-sel-sus
Petra	Pee-trah

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE GIRL WHO MET WALTER SCOTT

What She Heard Him Say

A lady has died whose father-in-law was born in the reign of George the Second, and whose grandfather was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott.

In the introduction to the second canto of *Marmion* Scott speaks of the boys who lived at Yair and loved to tramp over the countryside with him

*Just at the age twixt boy and youth
When thought is speech and speech is truth.*

William Alexander Pringle was the third boy of that family. He had a daughter Isabella, who in turn had a daughter who became Mrs. James Dirom, the lady whose death breaks what is perhaps the last link with the Wizard of the North.

Mrs. Dirom's mother used to say how once in girlhood she stayed with her grandparents at Yair, near Abbotsford, and met Scott when she was out walking. She never forgot having looked at the man who wrote *Ivanhoe*, but perhaps she wished he had said something more than "On a day like this a fine ear could hear the grass grow."

THE ECHO OF THE WIRELESS WAVE

What It Tells the Airman

A wireless instrument which will tell an airman just how high up he is flying has been invented by Dr. Alexander, the American engineer who recently demonstrated his very successful method of television.

This is a wireless echo machine. It sends a wireless wave from the aeroplane to the ground, which rebounds and is caught up again on the dashboard. The return wave lights up one of a series of coloured lamps according to the time taken for its return journey, and from the colour of the lamp the airman knows his height.

THE SHEEP ON THE PRECIPICE

Afraid of a Hero

There were many brave rescues by farmers of sheep that strayed in the January blizzards; but none was braver than an attempt which failed at Raven Crag overlooking Ullswater.

Five sheep were driven there by the snow. Four fell over the dangerous crag and were killed. One remained perched on a shelf of the crag.

Farmer Teasdale and his two sons imperilled their lives to save it. Young Thomas Teasdale was lowered from the top of the precipice toward the shelf, and swung in mid-air 50 feet from where his father and brother held the rope, and 50 feet from the rocks below.

He swayed to and fro in the freezing wind, at last clutched the rocks above the shelf—and prepared to cast a noose over the sheep. The poor, terrified animal backed away, and in a second had fallen and was dashed on the rocks below, a bitter disappointment to a very brave lad.

A KING'S DOCTOR ON HEALTH

Maxims for the Maximum

A great physician has been giving good advice to medical students which might well be taken to heart.

Sir Thomas Barlow, one of the King's doctors, says we should aim for the maximum of good health and, having reached that maximum, never let it slip away. Work well all the week, but when Saturday comes see that the afternoon is spent out of doors. Walk, play cricket, football, hockey, golf—what game you will, but let it be in the fresh air and let it give you exercise.

Eat your meals placidly. Avoid scraps eaten in haste. Choose food sensibly and eat it slowly; and as to alcohol, *the best of all is to try the experiment on yourself of doing without it!*

PERCEVAL'S CHOICE

Cattle versus Coronet

A story is told from Calgary in Canada a little different from the old romantic tale of the poor Englishman who suddenly surprises his colonial comrades by announcing that he has become a Peer of the Realm, and is going to the Ancestral Home by the next boat.

Frederick Joseph Trevelyan Perceval has just become Earl of Egmont in the right romantic way by the death of a distant cousin. But he is not coming home. He does not want the ancestral hall. He is going to remain plain Mr. Perceval in his log-house on the ranch.

And the reason for this unusual decision is that he loves his cattle and his horses. "That suits me, dad," said his fourteen-year-old son, and so they will stay there. Father and son will continue the hard and healthy work of stock-raising instead of contemplating a soft seat in the House of Lords.

SIXTY MILES A DAY ON HORSEBACK

Paris to Cannes

Once on a time how all the world would have wondered at Mademoiselle Grossi, who has just travelled from Paris to Cannes on horseback, 590 miles, in nine and a half days.

Close behind her rode Madame Mary Ferand, who was beaten by only five minutes, and both horsewomen arrived a day before they were expected. The roads were bad; the weather frightful. It was certainly a marvellous feat, and on one day the winner rode 83 miles.

Nobody last century would have believed that a woman could do such a thing, but in the 20th century, and the 29th year of it, we think of Lady Bailey in her plane and the miles and miles, thousands of them, that she devours.

On the whole the plane has it. A ride to Cannes of some 60 miles a day may be a severe tax on a woman, but it is harder on the horses.

LAKE NEMI'S SECRET

The Lost Galley of Caligula

All the world is watching at a distance the falling waters of Lake Nemi in Italy.

It was said that the stern of an old Roman galley was seen the other day, and that the hope of finding the lost galley of Caesar was greatly heightened by this glimpse.

Lake Nemi's waters, now being steadily pumped away by four gigantic pumps, have held for nineteen centuries the secrets of the magnificent imperial barges which for a whim the Emperor Caligula sank there.

By the side of the Lake were his palaces, and from time to time statues and other works of art which adorned them have been salvaged. But if the traditions of the centuries prove true the great barges held greater treasure than all the rest.

Now, at the command of a later Dictator, Lake Nemi is being drained to discover them. In three months the lake's waters have sunk nine feet. Any day the treasure may reappear.

In the Peruvian legend the golden deity (El Dorado) plunged beneath the waters. Today at Lake Nemi hundreds of tourists await the reappearance of an El Dorado of another kind.

STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE

A tramp walking to St. Annes-on-Sea the other day was asked why he did not beg from the houses on the way.

He shook his head. "No," he answered, "I'm an ex-convict, and if I beg I may be reported. I'm going straight to the police station; they're always good to me there."

And he had judged rightly, for when he arrived the policeman on duty shared his dinner with him, and gave him something to help him on his way.

The tramp tells the story himself, and we think it shows what a really excellent fellow the English policeman is.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 2 1929

Give Them Something To Do

WE like those twenty men of Walsall who wrote to the Mayor asking for something to do for the good of the town.

They have been searching in vain for work. They have received public money, and they beg for an opportunity of making some return to the town.

The twenty men of Walsall have hit the nail on the head. The test of a civilised country is whether it can give its honest and willing citizens work to keep them alive and well.

Our standing army of idle men has become the greatest scandal of all time. It is a disgrace to Parliament and the nation.

It is said that the problem is unsolvable, that nobody can think of a way out of it; that we must go on until the thing comes right. It is all rubbish and nonsense. The question is not half so difficult to solve as the question the nation faced in the summer of 1914.

If another war broke out tomorrow every one of these million men would find some work to do. Are we so great in war and so feeble in peace? Must we always have a war to keep our people busy? Are we not equal any longer to the responsibility of being a great nation? Are we getting tired of being great after a thousand years of history and a hundred years of energy?

We fear that the true reason of our failure is that we have too many No-No Minds among us. Never was a Government so full of great schemes as the Government that followed the Armistice; never did so many schemes come to nought. Our Governments are getting the habit of talking instead of doing, and there is no boldness anywhere. The Home Secretary has been talking for years of stopping hideous noises in the street, and they shriek past every policeman. Everybody has been talking for years about Charing Cross Bridge, and the committees go on inquiring. Everybody is talking of Disarmament, and nothing is done. Everybody is talking of the ruin of the countryside, and it goes on and on. Now everybody is talking of the Channel Tunnel, one of the greatest and simplest schemes for bringing prosperity that could be thought of. The talk will go on for a long, long time.

In the meantime, a million men are idle still. War would make them busy, but Peace gives them nothing to do. If the Cabinet will open its doors to some bright boy or some plain man we are sure it will have a refreshing experience.

Our standing army of idle men has long been a tragedy. It has become a scandal. It is time we gave them something to do.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Past and Present

JUVENILE unemployment, says an Advisory Council, is a thing of the past. Juvenile employment is unfortunately a thing of the present.

Putting the Hood Up

WE have often thought that one or two bright boys would save the world from half its troubles if Governments would only confide in them.

We feel sure they would have to be Scouts, and Scouts like the three we read of the other day. Two men were lunching in a cosy restaurant when they realised that it was raining heavily, and their car was outside with the hood down. Running out in horror, they arrived at the car in great delight, for the hood was up, and on the running board was a little wet note with these words:

No trouble at all.

Three Boy Scouts

We thank the Chief Scout of the World and all his million little men for showing us every hour of the day how to be kind to somebody.

The Thrower-Down and the Picker-Up

Is there not something very English in a little scene we saw the other day, one Westminster dustman sitting on his cart throwing litter in the street for another Westminster dustman to pick up?

We suppose the argument is that if nobody threw litter down nobody would have to pick it up, and what would the dustmen do then, poor things? We suppose, also, that the consolation of the Westminster ratepayer is that he is well enough off to pay for it all.

Paying the Debt

DR. J. A. HUTTON tells a very good story concerning M. Jusserand, who was Ambassador of France to America during the war.

He confronted a great audience of Americans, and spoke to them of the terrible peril in which France stood. He had a message, he said; he would read it to them.

May 1. Our backs are at the wall. Send immediately every available man to our assistance.

"That is the message," he went on; "there you have at once our helplessness and our need of you. But stay a moment! I see the date is not May 1, 1918, but May 1, 1775. Let me read the message again:

May 1, 1775. Our backs are at the wall. Send immediately every available man to our assistance.

Signed, George Washington

Sobs and cheers broke from the great audience, and thus it was that, 140 years after France succoured America, America repaid her debt to France.

From a Tree Top

No berries hang in any wood,
But bread is strewn upon the lawn;
O, God is merciful and good!
Said Tit to Wren one winter dawn.
No bread has fallen from the sky,
A mortal strewed it, said the Wren.
O God be thanked! Tit made reply,
He framed the pitying hearts of men.

Tip-Cat

GROWING up is said to be an interesting business. Growing down would be a conjuring trick.

THE gentleman who says he loves everything about Lancashire except its climate evidently keeps a weather eye open.

MACHINES, we are told, may become more important than men. But they will never look so important as some men do.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the cricket is whistling among the Ashes

playing the piano. Now we know where Jazz comes from.

To a correspondent: The great thing about a stamp is that it sticks to one thing till it gets there.

Few persons are interested in art. They are so artless.

FROM the Agony Column:

Mouse. All rights protected. Do not worry.—N. B.

All cats please take notice.

SOME London stations are to have a gramophone. What we want at a station is a train.

Let It Die Quietly

IN common decency the liquor generation ought to be allowed to die in silence. Its agonies should not be the constant topic of American journals.

Mr. Ford

Nor of English journals. Editor

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A GLASGOW man's fortune of £240,000 made in Rangoon is to be divided among the poor of both cities.

THE old home of Lady Jane Grey now belongs to the public of Leicester for ever.

A GUILDFORD citizen has left £2000 for helping poor people to emigrate into the Empire.

NO motor-horn is to sound in Paris through the night hours.

Little Talks Abroad

By a C.N. Traveller

One of our contributors just home from the Continent sends us these three little talks which are now part of the pleasure of her memories.

At the dock at Havre: John, aged 10, talking to his sister.

WHY didn't you come down for a walk to the docks? Docks are lovely, Angela. Guess what I saw, just shipped over from America on the wharf? Why, motor-cars; each in a neat big wooden case.

How do I know they were cars? Because they had their names painted on the cases and there were heaps of Oaklands and Buicks. And some new Fords. You might have some frocks made of the pretty colours they were, Sis. No, I didn't see them; but the colours were marked outside. One Dawn Grey, one Niagara Blue, one Arabian Sand, one Balsam Green. I could imagine them all.

Yes, docks are thrilling. The French are sending lots of barrels of Limoges china out to the States; I saw them lying near the great ship that starts tomorrow.

A boy at a cinema at Dijon.

Yes, we have Germans, Chinese, Japanese, all nationalities, at our University. I like the Germans better than the English, if you will pardon my saying so, Madam. (Here both the French boy and two Germans sitting behind him mingled their laughter over an absurd incident on the screen.) Les Allemands are much more sympathetic if you do not upset them. But I hear that in England they are very reserved and cold. I have an uncle who went to London; and, alas, nobody at all welcomed him there!

A Frenchman in a velvet suit in a charabanc on the Riviera hills.

I often distract myself like this on an afternoon, going for a trip. I shall spend Christmas in Cannes, but we French do not make much fuss over it; we are too prudent to spend much.

What do I think of the political situation? Ah, Briand, he is not a bad garçon, but we French think more of our work than of these things. Do you know that I have a whole set of Shakespeare in leather? I am so proud of them—every play! It is undoubtedly the finest set of Shakespeare I have ever seen. But at present I am reading Virgil.

Regard the olive trees, Madam; there was a fine harvest this year. They are not poor, the peasants here; they flourish and are content, and there is much sun all the time.

The Last Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots

O merciful Father, my hope is in Thee!
O gracious Redeemer, deliver Thou me!
My bondage bemoaning, with sorrowful groaning,
I long to be free;
Lamenting, relenting, and humbly repenting,
O Jesu, my Saviour, I languish for Thee!

THE WORLD IS MARCHING ON AMERICAN SENATE ACCEPTS THE PACT

The Nations of the World
Become Good Citizens

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS

The world has taken a very great step forward. We are marching toward universal peace.

In the Stone Age, when man was a savage and lived in caves, if he had a quarrel with a bear he took up a club and killed it. If he had a quarrel with a man he took up a club and killed him.

When man became civilised, if he had a quarrel with a man he settled it in a court of law. Civilisation has put Law in the place of Force.

End of the War Age

The nations of the world have now become civilised. The passage of the Kellogg Pact through the American Senate has brought the Pact into operation. What has happened to man in the course of ages has happened at last to nations.

In the War Age when nations quarrelled with each other they killed each other's people, or blinded them, or poisoned them, or blew up their houses. Under the Pact of Peace they are to settle their quarrels in a court of law, or round a table.

Russia and America are the first two countries to ratify the Pact, and it is a dramatic coincidence. All the great nations of the world are committed now to pursue a policy of peace. They will not strive to get what they want by war. They will send no more ultimatums as part of their campaigns.

The nations of the world, that is to say, have become good citizens. A good citizen is a man who accepts the law of his country; the nations have now agreed to accept the law of the world.

Biggest Step in History

It is an immense step forward, the biggest in the history of mankind, and we cannot help thinking that there is something very appropriate in some words spoken the other day in Manchester by Professor R. S. Conway, speaking of men who fight on and fight hard but do not see the victory:

It is possible to point to epochs in history in which hundreds of men knew what ought to be done, but had not the needed strength or genius to do it.

What Horace says of the many brave men who died forgotten before Agamemnon because they had no inspired seer to celebrate their struggles is certainly true of public life.

For how many years did every decent Englishman groan over the horrors of the slave trade before Wilberforce succeeded in destroying it? Or does anyone suppose that it would have been suppressed in the United States without the genius and dauntless courage of Lincoln? Or, in our own day, that the one hope of civilisation, the League of Nations, would ever have emerged from the tragedy of the war but for the intense and heroic efforts of Woodrow Wilson, pursued over two continents and prolonged over a twelve-month of desperate struggle, a struggle which cost him his life?

The fact that the Pact of Peace is now in operation must not blind us to the danger that somebody may break the peace, but the position can never be the same again, and it is due to those who have fought hard and long against war to say that their labours have been crowned with a triumph which fills the hearts of good men everywhere with gratitude and hope.

THE SLEEPER ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

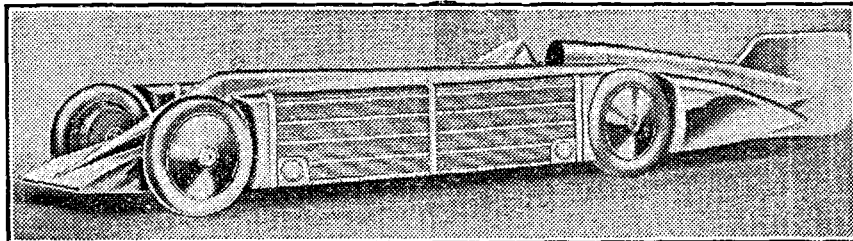
THE country has been shocked recently by several terrible railway accidents, but it is becoming accustomed to the vastly greater loss of life incessant on the high roads from motor traffic. Often the traffic is of a kind that formerly was on the railways.

Writing on this point one of our readers says that a large part of the railway traffic has emptied itself on the already unsafe roads, owing to cheaper carriage and more convenient deliveries. Speaking on this, a man experienced in these matters said that the keenness of competition among the haulage owners,

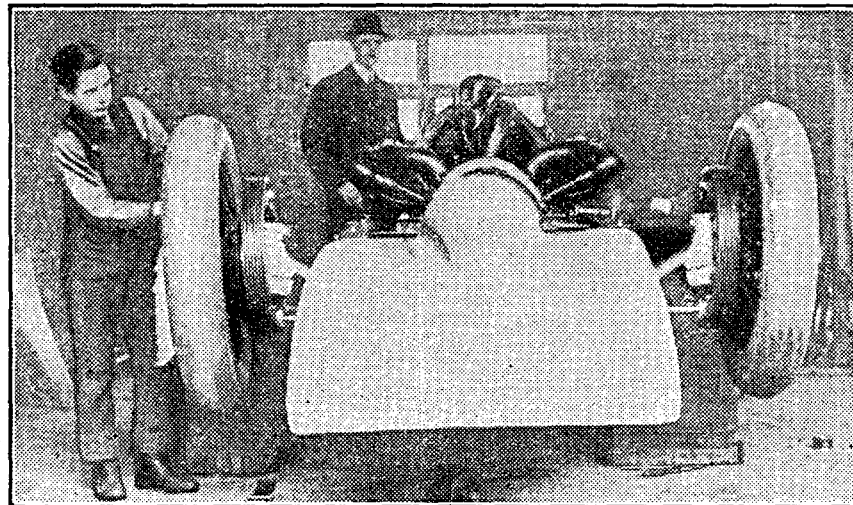
who are often the drivers themselves, has brought about night and day traffic between clearing stations, and the danger is greater because the drivers go on journeys that may take several days and nights, with a great temptation to only snatch a few hours' sleep, perhaps on their lorries.

Undoubtedly there is a great deal of heavy road traffic by night, and the point raised by our correspondent as to possible lack of sleep is one that should be remembered by those who are seeking to lessen the ever-growing dangers of the King's highway.

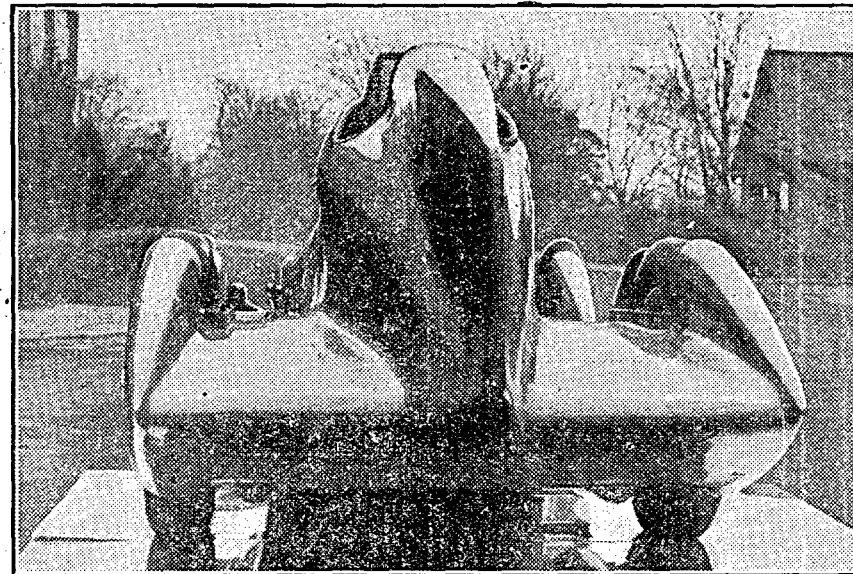
BRITAIN'S FASTEST CARS



Major Segrave's car, the Golden Arrow



Building the Golden Arrow



The tail of Captain Campbell's car, Bluebird

Two attempts will shortly be made to regain for Britain the motor-car speed record. Major H. O. D. Segrave is taking his car to Daytona, Florida, where the existing record of 207 miles an hour was made by Mr. Day Keech, an American. Captain Malcolm Campbell will make his attempt in South Africa. The engine of Major Segrave's £15,000 car is cooled with ice.

WORKERS TO BUY THEIR MILL

EMPLOYERS and workpeople are very much mixed up in the Lancashire cotton trade.

Workpeople save up and buy shares and become employers; and sometimes the children of employers who are not successful have had to go to work in the mills. There is an old saying in Lancashire that there are only three generations from clogs to clogs.

So it is not as surprising as it would be in other parts of the country to hear that at Colne the 170 Lancashire workpeople running the 650 looms of Great Holme Mill are trying to arrange to take

over the mill from their employers, who would otherwise close it. The plan is that each worker shall subscribe £20 to help to pay the purchase money and allow a fifth of his wages each week to be laid aside to be added to his share in the mill and build up a reserve fund.

We are sorry to hear that there is talk of opposition to the scheme on the ground that the holding back of the wages amounts to a wage reduction against the rules of the trade unions. Of course it is nothing of the kind, and to oppose it is to oppose a very sensible kind of thrift.

THREE MEN UP MOUNT KENYA

AFRICA'S SECOND
SUMMIT CLIMBED AGAIN

The Lady Who Brought an
Invitation to Tea

A BIG UNDERTAKING

Kenya is feeling very proud of three young men who have conquered Mount Kenya again.

They are Mr. P. W. Harris, Mr. G. A. Sommerfelt, and Mr. E. E. Shipton, and they are the first to stand on that immense height since Sir Halford Mackinder stood there thirty years ago.

Mount Kenya, 17,007 feet high, is, but for Kilimanjaro, the loftiest mountain in Africa. It is a huge volcanic mountain about 80 miles north-east of Nairobi, the capital of Kenya. The ascent was a great undertaking.

A Bamboo Forest

When the climbers with their 22 African porters had reached a height of 8000 feet they found themselves faced by a monstrous bamboo forest which covers the mountainside for another 2000 feet. They hacked and worked their way through, keeping close together, and the leaders felt they had done something good toward the final conquest of the mountain when they emerged in the cold upper light beyond the forest.

But their real work began when they reached the snowline, 15,000 feet up. Here the work of the porters was finished, and the three pushed on alone. The climb of the last 2000 feet was exceedingly dangerous, over beetling crags and almost unscalable rocks.

Half-way up they found a shred of rope dangling from a jutting crag. That was all the trace they found of Sir Halford Mackinder's climb in 1899. But when they were half-way down a far stranger thing happened.

A Memorable Meeting

They saw a number of figures winding along a pass to meet them, and there, thousands of feet above the sea, in the loneliest slopes in the world it seemed, a memorable meeting took place. The three young men found themselves face to face with Miss Vivien de Watteville, the daughter of a Swiss explorer.

Miss de Watteville, with some porters to help her, is doing a work of exploration on the mountain, and she had gone a distance out of her "beat" to greet the young men and ask them to tea.

They were extremely glad of the refreshment. There, on that lonely mountainside, the four talked and told tales, then shook hands, and the three men, wishing the lady of the mountain God-speed with her dangerous work, turned again to the descent.

Thus another interesting chapter has been added to the history of Mount Kenya. It is not a long history. It opened when the mountain was spied from afar by a missionary in 1819.

For over 30 years after that nothing happened. Then at intervals three separate explorers attempted to climb the mountain. In 1899 Sir Halford Mackinder, leader of the Mount Kenya Expedition, climbed to the summit and left his rope behind, and now these three men have climbed Kenya and left a lady behind! See World Map

THE CRUMBLING MOUNTAINS

Dr. Robert Campbell has been lecturing on mountains at the Imperial College of Science.

Mountains, he said, are not everlasting; it is possible to watch them crumble away. In the mountains of Scotland this crumbling is caused by the freezing of moisture in cracks of the rock, while in hot climates sudden changes of temperature are responsible for the crumbling action.

THE HUMORIST FROM PENNSYLVANIA

MR. A. L. BATES
DISCOVERS US

**The Great Mistake of Our Quiet and Sacred Little Places
LET US MAKE A NOISE ABOUT GREAT MEN**

There are happily many amusing men among America's hundred millions, and one of them is Arthur L. Bates, former Congressman from Pennsylvania, who has lately toured Europe.

Mr. Bates has been among us and has seen something of the Motherland from which his country grew. We are sorry, however, that he does not seem to have been adequately impressed with the nature of the English Motherland. He has misunderstood the idea of our little country lanes, our green fields, and the quiet and sacred places in which our fathers sleep:

We can imagine his wanting to set up a gorgeous monument in Stoke Poges Churchyard lest we should forget that Gray lies there, or moving the last resting-place of Charles Kingsley from the quiet corner of the graveyard in the village that he loved, or starting a crusade to move the body of Wordsworth from its quiet grave in Lakeland, lest we should forget it and neglect it until it is unknown.

What Pennsylvania is Reading

That is the kind of man this American traveller seems to be, and we gather from the Pennsylvanian papers that he is starting a movement there to save the honour and fame of William Penn, the founder of the State that bears his name. This is the curious story the Pennsylvanian papers have been printing in the last few months.

"Near a lonely byway in rural England, unmarked save for a small stone, lies the body of William Penn, founder of the State of Pennsylvania.

"The Quaker leader's burial plot, shadowed by mighty trees and surrounded by an old fence, was discovered last summer by Arthur L. Bates, former Congressman from Pennsylvania, who toured Europe with his family. Bates has started a movement to have Penn's body removed to Pennsylvania, and a suitable monument erected.

Penn's Resting-Place

"He says Penn's grave, near an unimproved dirt road 18 miles from London, is in danger of being entirely forgotten. The lettering on the tombstone, he says, is almost illegible.

"The former Congressman suggests that the condition of the State founder's resting-place be called to the attention of Governor Fisher of Pennsylvania in the hope that he may recommend to the Legislature the appointment of a commission to negotiate with British authorities concerning removal of the body. Should officials of Great Britain refuse consent to removal of the body Mr. Bates suggests permission be obtained to erect a monument on the present grave."

In a Country Lane

That is what the good people of Pennsylvania are reading in their papers, and it is passing strange. Those of them who are deceived will never know that the resting-place of William Penn is one of the sacred places of our Motherland, one of the rarest spots that are sure of preservation for all time, guarded so closely that even within the last few months a great arterial road has been diverted to miss it, lest the noise and

A JUBILEE BOOK 50 Years of Good School Work RECORD OF WAKEFIELD GIRLS

A most admirable book has just passed through our hands, the Jubilee Book of Wakefield High School for Girls. It is an excellent volume, which we should like to think would move other schools to rival it.

The book will, at any rate, stimulate the pride of all Wakefield High School girls, past, present, and to come, for it is a noble record of achievement, affording great promise of future service.

Each for All and All for God is the school motto, chosen by vote by the girls themselves. Studies in local history and regional surveys have encouraged original research, and there have been a host of voluntary societies among the children formed for the purpose of putting leisure to effective use.

Hiawatha in the Garden

Old girls will thrill to the memories recalled of how Hiawatha was played in the garden in the dusk of a summer evening with the glow of the camp fires lighting up the shadowy forms of the Indians as they moved stealthily among the trees; of how Miss Irene Vanbrugh declared she had never seen a more charming performance than theirs of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Then there is the record of the after-careers of past teachers and old girls, of whom there are four thousand. Marriage and school teaching were naturally the commonest fates, but there were several journalists and actresses and professional musicians, artists, doctors, nurses, and at least one dentist. The school's only sculptor was a selected candidate for the Prix de Rome, and failing to win it she married her successful rival!

At the Peace Conference

Miss Phyllis Lett made her first appearance as a singer at one of the school performances, and repeatedly took part in its concerts till she married and settled in Australia. Another old girl became a farmer, then travelled round the world, then went in for welfare work, and then married and became joint proprietor with her husband of a saw-mill 9000 feet above sea-level in Kenya.

There are several old Wakefield girls in Whitehall, and one, beginning in the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office, was at the Peace Conference at Versailles and has been at most of the international conferences since that historic gathering.

A splendid record; other schools please copy.

Continued from the previous column

hustle of the busy world should reach this hallowed sanctuary. They will not imagine that what Mr. Bates calls "an unimproved dirt road" is one of those narrow lanes which are the everlasting beauty of our land, and that just a little higher up the lane than the grave of Penn stands the Mayflower barn, the cradle of America, the timbers of the ship which took the pilgrims to the future home of Mr. Bates of Pennsylvania.

We wish Mr. Bates many happy journeys round the world, but we hope that if he comes to us again he will stay with us long enough to understand the loveliness of an English lane, the sacredness of our quiet countryside. A beech hedge is not so glaring as a marble monument, a green field is not so costly as a mausoleum with a golden dome, our yews and oaks are not so high as the towers of Pennsylvania; but we love our little Island and its gracious ways, and Mr. Bates from Pennsylvania is the first American we have come upon who would change it for something like the tawdry glory of the Kinema.

William Penn will sleep in his grave, and when the Governor of Pennsylvania asks our Government to disturb his sleep may we be there to see.

THE HARP OF LONG AGO What Happened to the Strings

Old Mother Earth is a good and careful curator.

From time to time she yields us something she has been keeping in her museum for thousands of years, and we marvel that it could exist so long.

One of the latest discoveries in the royal tombs at Ur, the city of Abraham, is a harp. The wood had perished, but Mother Earth had preserved its shape, like a mould, and she had taken good care of its decoration, a bull's head in copper inlaid with lapis lazuli. What seemed strangest of all to the excavators, however, was that the catgut strings still survived as ten lines of white powder! All through five thousand years these white lines had lain there, the remnants of a harp that played sweet music long ago in some rich man's house in Abraham's town.

They have been able to take a cast of the harp's body, attach the bull's head, and restring it, so that the harp that rang through Babylon's halls is now as good as new.

DEAR CHILD OF UR

Among those who lived in Ur of the Chaldees thousands of years ago, and died and were buried there, was a tiny child, a mere baby whose death must have caused a sorrow that we can feel across all the vanished centuries.

Those who loved her lavished on their lost little one all that wealth could give.

By the baby's side was laid a set of beautiful silver vases and a gold cup (out of which perhaps she had drunk her milk). Her childish head was bound with gold wreaths and ornaments that a queen might have worn.

They were, in fact, very like those the dead Queen Shub-ad herself wore, though they were fashioned on a miniature scale.

Who was this adored infant, as precious as any princess, who was mourned in Ur thousands of years ago, and whose wreaths and cup and ornaments have just been found?

KENSINGTON'S NEW POSTER

Kensington has a Health Week and the Public Health Department has asked the school children to design posters to be shown at the Town Hall.

It is a compliment to the preaching against soot and dirt in Kensington's schools that one of the pupils, a boy of eleven, has produced a remarkable idea for a poster.

The placard displays two tombstones. Written on one is the legend:

*Bert Nosope,
In early prime,
Before his time,
A victim of grime,
Laid low for ever.*

The legend on the second tombstone is:

*Jack Bean,
Dirt his curse,
Grew worse and worse,
Brought here by hearse.*

We hope this poster will be shown farther afield than Kensington. Then there will never be a baby born in London of whom it can be said:

*Oped its eyes,
Took a peep,
Did not like it,
Went to sleep.*

OLD COACHING DAYS AGAIN

The Halifax Watch Committee has been asked by an omnibus company for permission to run buses to London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Scarborough.

Many long-distance buses are already running, and it looks as if the old coaching days from North to South will come back again.

LIFE ON A KENYA FARM

THE SNAKE IN THE MAIZE
Cheery Pupils Within Reach
of Leopards and Hyenas

THE FATE OF A PYTHON

If all goes well there will be a birthday surprise for somebody this year.

The substance of the surprise was king of an East African maize crop till a week or two ago; it is now being converted into shoes, handbags, and notebooks. That may sound like a riddle, but the facts are these.

Some English youngsters who are learning farming in Kenya were at work on the maize harvest when one of them came face to face with a formidable snake. He killed it and found it to be a python, twelve feet long.

Peter Pan could not have performed the feat more coolly. To complete the work the boy skinned the snake, cured the hide, and sent it home by the same mail which brought the letter telling the story. His parents, to whom it has come, will have no reason to doubt the reality of the stirring pictures of the life which the cheery pupils of the Kenya homestead draw for them.

Snakes and Rats

The life seems made for big Boy Scouts. No lions or elephants are near, but leopards and hyenas, which have learned to keep a respectful distance from white men, give occasional excitement. During the dry season snakes nightly visit the huts in search of rats, mice, and other animals. That being so, the sleeping huts, though built of grass, have a snake-proof concrete floor.

And what are these English boys learning to do? They have just finished the maize harvest, and are now ploughing. They have to learn to grow coffee, sugar, and sisal, and to cultivate bananas, pears, peaches, lemons, coconuts, oranges, and mulberries. What a dessert, ready at hand, in a land of perpetual sunshine!

From their hilltop farm they command a view of miles of wild romantic country, with Lake Victoria shining like a silver sea in the distance, guarded by wooded heights, giving rise to stream upon stream, each winding by its own course to fertilise the plain below.

The Limbaws

Four tribes of natives help to run the farm, and even in this primitive world character tells. "The Limbaws are a fine, tall, manly race," our young correspondent tells us; "they not only look after the cattle, but guard the crops against theft by night as well as day." That is a test of nerve quality, for natives as a rule are afraid to stir abroad by night.

The English boys evidently have character too, for our letter says: "The life is fine, and so also is the work." That is the spirit; not only capacity to enjoy the beauty, splendour, and strangeness of the scene, but to find happiness in labour. "I shall have much to tell you about the excitement of it all when I come home for my first holiday in five years," adds our cheerful pioneer.

GOOD CHEER

A Cheshire reader sends us an example of a New Year good deed.

A kindly shopkeeper, trading in several villages, gave to all the children of each village his New Year's wish for their happiness in the form of a bag of sweets and fruit.

In one village he gave his young friends 2000 oranges, 1000 apples, and a hundredweight of the good old-fashioned sugary sweets of the peppermint and acid drop variety.

How young such news makes one feel!

THE COAL PROBLEM

Some Facts About It IS IT BEYOND THE WIT OF MAN?

A Yorkshire coal expert sends us some criticisms of comments made in the C.N. on the London coal supply, and he gives a view of the coal problem which should be known.

The C.N. said that the bulk of London's coal comes from the Midlands, and the Midland owners charge London a high price that they may export more cheaply. If Scotland and the Northern counties could get their coal to London by water, with adequate facilities for handling the coal on its arrival, it might be sold at a far cheaper price than Londoners now pay for it.

Competition With Poland

Our correspondent reminds us that the coalowner is in the same position as the butcher. The butcher buys his beast at one figure, but he cannot sell all its parts at one price. He must charge a good price for his best cuts to make up for the offals. The large coal used for house purposes must make up for the smalls that are always sold below cost.

The low export prices are determined by fierce competition, chiefly with Poland, whose workers have very low wages. The Polish Government subsidises the trade by special railway rates, so that coal is carried between 200 and 300 miles at three shillings a ton, the price which Yorkshire owners have to pay to reach the coast of their own county, let alone London.

If coal were not exported abroad the price for London coal would be higher than it is, for it would have to bear all the inevitable overhead charges which are more easily met when the total tonnage is higher.

Wages and Prices

It is true that North Country coal can be sold cheaper than Midland coal, but it is less suitable for domestic purposes, and the cost of distribution is ten shillings a ton.

Wages form between 60 and 70 per cent of the total cost of coal, and they cannot be reduced, for they are now at the starvation level. Our correspondent adds: If you turn to other costs let me tell you that to save a copper per ton more than is being saved today is beyond the wit of man.

His conclusion is that only one remedy remains, and that is to obtain a higher price for coal. He challenges us to find another remedy—a challenge that we must decline regretfully, for we see no clear way of cheapening the coal fire that we love.

COMPLETING THE COUNTY HALL

Putting a Wrong Thing Right

In less than four years from now we are to see a whole County Hall when we walk along the Embankment or cross Westminster Bridge, instead of the three-quarters of a hall we see now with a ragged edge.

It will be a blessed change. What right had the L.C.C. to inflict this inartistic misery upon us through all these years?

The actual building is to begin next autumn and it will take three years. The foundations have already been laid. They cover 56,000 square feet. The added frontage on the river will be 160 feet, making a total frontage of 750 feet, and the building will run back 350 feet. The new building will cost some £600,000.

It is nearly 17 years since the King laid the foundation-stone of the main building, and six years and a half since he opened it. When completed it will have cost nearly four million pounds. It will house a staff of 3000.

BABY KANGAROO

By Our Zoo Correspondent

All baby animals are delightful, but some are made particularly attractive by a certain elusiveness, and the Zoo's latest baby, a kangaroo, belongs to this variety.

He is old enough to scramble out of his mother's pouch, and likes to jump about the cage investigating his surroundings; but if anyone approaches suddenly or startles him in any way he at once climbs back into his shelter so that only his little head can be seen.

A mother kangaroo carries her offspring in her pouch for a considerable time before the little creature is able to walk, for at birth a kangaroo is only an inch long and by no means developed enough to look after himself.

Three Months in Hiding

So, although this particular kangaroo was born at the beginning of September, he was not seen at all until the end of November, and even then he gazed out upon the world from a safe place in his mother's pouch for another couple of weeks before attempting to move away. Once having taken the plunge, however, he felt brave and strong enough to leave his mother several times a day, and now he spends all his time scrambling in and out of the pouch.

His mother, Mollie, never raises any objection, yet if a kangaroo casts her baby out of the pouch before he is able to look after himself she will never take him back. This fate overtook Mollie's first son, for after carrying him about for several weeks she suddenly turned him out and took no more interest in him. The keeper could not lift him back into the pouch because Mollie would not let him, and the poor baby died, too weak and undeveloped to endure the exposure.

Billy's Grandchild

The new baby kangaroo will be of interest to Zoo visitors as he is the grandchild of Billy, who was the Zoo's famous boxing kangaroo. Billy used to wear gloves and have regular boxing matches with his keeper, and to keep himself in training he taught his son Billy II to box. But when Billy died and the keeper wanted Billy's son to take his father's place the animal refused all his challenges.

Yet, though he will not fight with a man, Billy II is a boxer, for he trained one of his companions to be a sparring partner, and each morning and evening the two kangaroos box. It is now hoped that Billy II will teach his offspring to box, and that the new arrival will follow in his grandfather's footsteps.

THE RA'S OF DE AAR

No Pied Piper

De Aar, in the heart of South Africa, has suffered a plague of rats.

De Aar is a name that does not mean much to British ears in 1929, but before the C.N. was born, and before the Great War, it meant much to the Britons who were waging a most miserable little war in South Africa with old Paul Kruger and his Boers. De Aar was the railway junction between Cape Colony and the Transvaal where men and guns and stores and sick soldiers were dumped.

It is as desolate now as then, for it lies in the middle of the Great Karroo, scorched by heat in summer, swept by dust-laden winds at all times, and bitterly cold in winter. It is now a railway camp of tin-roofed bungalows whose inhabitants wonder why even a rat should come there.

But rats by the ten thousand lately came into the town and died there. Nobody knows why, or what drove them in from the desert. De Aar is a poor place to live in, but why should rats seek it out to die in?

MOTHER LOVE

The Jackal and the Young Gazelle

*I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!*

THOMAS MOORE

The gazelle, the dove, and the lamb have always been regarded as the gentlest of creatures. It is startling to learn that the timid gazelle can become a merciless hunter.

In the Annual Report of the Kenya Game Department there is an account of how a jackal killed a young gazelle and a man in a car shot the jackal. Two female gazelles who were with the young one assisted in the pursuit of the jackal, "for all the world like greyhounds." Three times they headed him back to the car, and galloped alongside even when it was hard on his tail. Then they stood by and watched him shot.

We know that mother love gives the most abject of creatures courage to fight for its young, but here we have something more remarkable, a creature who lives on herbage suddenly showing all the instincts of the chase which we only expect to find in birds and beasts of prey.

A THRILL FROM HOME

Midnight on the Congo

This is the story of a man who left London to seek excitement amid the wonders and thrills of half-civilised Africa.

He left the great cities behind him and lived not far from the banks of the great Congo River. He saw the glorious sunset, the wonderful picture the Sun makes as it sinks down to give way to the African night. He saw the natives dancing in their queer, fantastic way; he heard the call of the parrots as they flew to their nests; he heard and saw all those things of Africa which make it all so different from home. But the thrills seemed few and far between until, sitting beside a little box at one o'clock in the morning, hoping against hope as he turned a little knob, he had his greatest thrill *Big Ben struck twelve.*

THE THATCHED COTTAGES OF LONDON

Thatched cottages in modern London seem as incredible as a gas-cooker in Queen Elizabeth's reign; yet at least two exist, one at Roehampton, and one in Church Road, Hanwell. This one is known as The Hermitage, and has very appropriately become the headquarters of the Selborne Society, the company of Nature-lovers named after Gilbert White's village.

The Hermitage has been re-thatched recently, and the thatcher had to be brought all the way from the New Forest, where his art is still beloved and where newly-covered roofs of bright yellow straw are frequently seen. He is thatching The Hermitage with dark reeds, however.

The old house was built in 1809, the year of the Battle of Corunna. It is pleasant to think that this relic of Wellington's and Nelson's England has not been materially altered, and has become a sort of shrine for the study of natural history.

TUNNELLING GIBRALTAR

The engineers are once more busy examining ways and means of building a tunnel under the Strait of Gibraltar.

The Strait is much deeper than the English Channel, and while the Channel tunnel need only be 250 feet below the sea, the Strait tunnel would have to be 1000 feet down. It is proposed to blast a small tunnel through the rock beneath the sea, to allow of a single railway track only, and the cost will be 15 million pounds.

THE PLANETS

WHERE TO FIND THEM

The Brilliance of Jupiter and Venus

URANUS LIKE A GREEN STAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

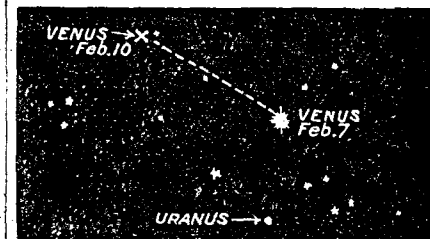
Saturn will appear not far from the slender crescent of the Moon on Tuesday morning next, February 5.

The best opportunity of getting a first glimpse of the planet after his absence from our sky will be between 6 and 7 o'clock; the earlier he is looked for the better on account of the dawn.

The planet will be rather low in the south-east, the Moon being about 9 or 10 times her own width away to the right of Saturn. Although the brightest orb in that region of the sky, Saturn will not appear very bright owing to the twilight, and also to his immense distance, about 1000 million miles. He is, however, getting nearer each day, and in two months will be a splendid object of the night sky.

On Thursday, February 7, Mercury will pass between our world and the Sun. The planet will be apparently about six times the Sun's width above him at the time, which is known to astronomers as *inferior conjunction*.

But there will be no possibility of seeing Mercury, because the dark, unlit side of his sphere will be turned toward



The relative positions of Venus and Uranus

the Earth; moreover, the presence of daylight would most effectually screen him in any case. Nevertheless, Mercury will be the nearest world to the Earth, being about 60 million miles away as compared with about 70 million miles of Venus, the next nearest, with the exception, of course, of the Moon.

At the end of next week the planet Uranus will appear to be not very far from Venus, and between four and five times the Moon's apparent width below her. Uranus will be at his nearest almost due south of Venus on the evening of Thursday, February 7, and a little more to the right or westward of due south on succeeding evenings.

Good field-glasses will be necessary to see Uranus now, on account of his low altitude and great distance, about 1800 million miles.

As Uranus will be with Venus in the same field of view of the glasses this will be a very good opportunity for getting a glimpse of this planet, a world usually so difficult to find. Our star-map shows the relative positions of the two planets, together with the faint stars in the vicinity which will be perceptible in the glasses provided the sky is dark and clear.

Moving to the Left

As both Venus and Uranus are moving, Venus to the left rapidly and Uranus slowly in the same direction, of course their positions relative to each other and to the fixed stars shown in the star-map will alter slightly from evening to evening.

Uranus will appear like a faint greenish star, and should be readily identified; moreover, as the position of Venus, three days later (February 10), is shown by an X in the map, her position relative to Uranus on intermediate dates can easily be estimated.

The approach of Jupiter to Venus is now very marked, their twin orbs exceeding all other luminaries in brilliance in the south-west sky.

It will be of interest to see them come much nearer during the next two months, but Jupiter will not quite catch up to Venus before she vanishes from the evening sky in April. G. F. M.

HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of
the Junior Cup

Told by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 37 The Consequences

ALREADY from all quarters of the ground the people were streaming towards the pavilion to cheer young Hendry as he came in. For that he would claim his tenth victim nobody doubted; he had been bowling too well and with too much coolness and confidence to leave them any reasonable room for more doubt.

He had five clear balls to get that frightened last man's wicket.

Oh, of course he would do it!

But what was the matter with Hendry?

He had paused indecisively like a man in a dream. His face had quite altered. All the composure had gone out of it, and all the life and fire out of his eyes, giving him a haggard and haunted look. Winging Ann, who couldn't help noticing the change, reproached himself for telling him about Garry's promise. "I should have waited," he thought. "I've made him nervous."

Nevertheless, young Hendry did not deliver that first ball to Baker in the way that a man overtaken by nerves might have done. It was quite a good length, but so far out of Baker's reach that Anning had half a mind to signal a wide. The second was like it. The third, too, pitched well off the stumps, but instead of breaking in as so many had broken it continued harmlessly onward. Waiting on every ball to release their applause the fieldsmen stared at this singular ineffectiveness. And though inwardly quaking still the batsman took heart. "If this is the sort of stuff that's got our chaps out, I'm hanged if I understand it," he said to himself.

He made no attempt to score off the next two balls, but kept them out of his wicket without any trouble.

Then with a rumble of "Over!" Winging Ann turned on his heel and marched to his post both annoyed and amazed. Annoyed with himself for letting the cat out of the bag; amazed that a bowler could so suddenly lose all his sting.

Major pulled Ferris-Jones for a couple of fours. Then he hit a single. Roars greeted the tie. Baker was confronting Ferris-Jones now. He edged the ball, and both batsmen started running. The winning hit! A tumult of cheering broke out.

It was stilled; it was choked in the middle; it was cut off. For like a swallow a figure flashed from third man and in one and the same sweep of the arm fielded the ball and threw down Major's wicket.

"How's that?"

It was a near thing. Major lay flat at full length in his desperate effort to throw himself over the line. "How's that?" From throat after throat of them with almost a sob, so strung-up they had become in the desperate battle. In reply the umpire uttered quietly "Out." Then he drew his hands from his pockets and took off the balls.

It was young Hendry who had flashed forward from third man and run his cousin out with that deadly shot. He had saved the match for his side. He had made it a tie. "And practically he won it for them," the crowd said. "What a pity he didn't take his tenth wicket."

"Bad luck!" they told him.

"Warrior!" cried Keegan. He was thumping young Hendry's shoulders. "Oh, you warrior!" he chanted. "Gosh! How they'd have whopped us if it hadn't been for you! You carried us all on your back!"

"Yes, you did that!" agreed Puggie Randall.

And here came Pinion steaming up to congratulate. "Hen, I don't

think I could have bowled better myself," he said solemnly.

It was all very jolly and very exciting for Hendry, waiting while Keegan packed his bat away in his bag and Puggie Randall sorted his pads out to whiten them. He hadn't a bat or pads or a bag to put either in, but still—oh, well, it was all very jolly for Hendry.

"A chap can't have everything," he said to himself, as he left the pavilion at last with Keegan and Puggie and Pinion, whose spindle legs pranced at Puggie's side.

But all Lower School was as proud as a dog with two tails, or as pleased as Punch, if you like, or as gay as a lark. In the opposite camp St. Pierre took it like a philosopher. Thompson growled that their saint should never have altered his batting order. "Chopping and changing is always fatal," he groused. Eight others expressed disappointment each after his own fashion; some blaming themselves and calling themselves perfect crocks, others talking with sour growls about flukes. The final one was hugging deep satisfaction.

This was Major. And his satisfaction was reasonable. His side had failed to win, but that was not his fault. Nobody could have done more to snatch them a victory, and he alone, truly enough, had saved them from losing. His satisfaction was natural.

"It's fine," he exclaimed, having got his young cousin alone, "that our family did all the damage! Isn't it fine! You and I showed them, old boy! We showed them all right. Of Upper's seventy-six I scored fifty-one and you took nine of our wickets. By golly, we showed them! And you needn't think," he went on, without drawing breath and when he perceived that young Hendry made no response, "that I bear any grudge against you for running me out. Why, of course, I don't care a hoot that you ran me out. You bowled like a hero, old fellow. I'm proud of my cousin!"

The astonishing irresponsible creature really meant it. His sense of shame towards young Hendry had slipped off him like a garment, and so far as his shallow nature could feel anything keenly he was feeling keenly every word that he poured out.

"We must stick together after this, you young sport. Didn't we show them?"

Young Hendry's first reply was a long, thoughtful look. Then, "You saved the match?" he uttered in a strange tone.

"Yes, I saved the match for my side, as you did for yours."

"By that lucky throw-in I happened to save it," said Hendry. He hesitated. "But I might have won it," he added.

"Of course, if you could have bowled Baker you'd have won it. I wondered you couldn't bowl Baker," Major rejoined.

"You did wonder?" said Hendry.

"I tell you I did."

"That's all right, then."

Young Hendry turned on this. But he came back again and moved very close to his cousin.

"I'm going to tell you something, Major," he said, "because you can't tell it to anyone else for your own sake. I could have bowled Baker easily if I'd wanted to. But I took care not to."

Major was gaping.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he exclaimed. "Why on earth didn't you?"

"Because Garry had offered me all sorts of things if I bowled Baker."

"Or got his wicket. Yes, I know that," said Major.

"Major, I couldn't get him out for a prize."

"But that's all—"

"It's not all rot. It's your fault," Hendry cried passionately.

"Do you think I don't want a bat and the other things, Major? Do

you think I wouldn't have given my skin to get hold of them? But I've won one thing by a fraud, so I tell you this." Young Hendry's voice was broken and shaken with passion. "Until I've been put straight about that beastly Cup I'm going to take good care to win nothing else."

"All right. Easy on!" uttered Major, really alarmed.

Young Hendry controlled himself. He looked suddenly tired.

"So you see? It's all your fault," he said wearily.

Major said, staring: "But you might have lost the game for your side."

"Well, what if I had! A game is only a game. But the other thing is more than a game."

Major understood what young Hendry meant by the other thing. He flushed, and his cock-a-hoop manner melted like snow. "And is that the reason you wouldn't go in for the Sports?"

"Yes, that's the reason," growled Hendry, "so now you have it."

"I say, old boy, I'm sorry—"

But Hendry had gone.

CHAPTER 38 Ultimatum

His explosion had done young Hendry this good—that he saw he must put an end to a situation no longer tolerable. Accordingly, after thinking it all out again he went to his cousin on Tuesday and bluntly announced that unless Major had recovered the Cup by that day week he, Hendry, would post a full account to his father and leave the affair in his father's hands to decide. With this he whipped out a letter. "Here it is!" he showed. "All ready for posting next Tuesday, so don't think I'm bluffing."

Major's jaw dropped.

"Oh, why don't you own up at once now, man!" Hendry implored him. "If you don't think you'll raise the money let's own up at once. I'll do every mortal thing to let you down lightly."

His cousin ignored this. "Your father will split," he said dismally. "He'll do as he likes, Major."

"Then they'll fire us both."

"I can't help that," was the dogged retort. "Though I don't think you would play such a low-down game, Major, as to let them fire me for something not my fault."

"No," said Major, whose face was turning the colour of clay, "no, of course, I wouldn't, of course I wouldn't, old man. But isn't that more reason why you should still stand by me!"

Hendry didn't think it was, but he let the argument pass, to hear what was coming.

ARE YOU A PINE MARTEN?



The Little Folks Pine Martens club is for Boys and Girls who love the open air and who can keep their eyes open. You can become a member today. The Badge, shown above, is actually in Colours. Full particulars of how to get one of these and join the club will be found in the February issue of

LITTLE FOLKS

Now on Sale 1s.

"Still, if you won't, you won't," said Major reproachfully. "All right, then. I'll do the best I can by to-day week." He consulted a calendar which he took from his pocket. "That will be June the fourth. You give me till June the fourth, Hendry?"

"Yes, you've got seven days, till next Monday night."

"You give me your word? That's a promise?"

"Oh, yes, it's a promise," said Hendry.

He went off to sleep upon it, and to hope hard; and in the morning was summoned by Mr. Poland who, having greeted him cheerfully and made him sit down, proceeded to congratulations on Saturday's performance. "I am inclined to think," he added, in his dry, cautious tone, "that you may do the House cricket some good if you don't lose your head."

Young Hendry thought wryly that he was in no danger of losing his head, he was in much more danger of losing his place in the School. "If only the Maypole knew—" came the miserable reflection. It came with such a stab of self-reproach that it nearly unloosed his reserve to the point of pouring everything out, but his promise to his cousin stopped him in time. He mumbled some confused acknowledgement.

"You don't appear—enthusiastic!" rejoined the Maypole.

Hendry looked up, startled. "Well, never mind. I didn't send for you to talk about cricket. I sent for you for something much more important. Do you know what is going to happen to you next Monday?"

"Next Monday, sir?"

"Yes. Next Monday. June the third."

Then young Hendry's heart missed a beat. Had the Maypole discovered? Had Major been up already and made a confession? He stood stupefied while cold shivers ran down him, till the next words put him out of his agony.

"On Monday next, Hendry, all you scholarship boys, I mean you boys who came here on Entrance Scholarships, have to sit for your usual exam, and the one who comes out top has his scholarship increased by twenty pounds. That's another twenty pounds a year for the one who does best."

As the Maypole was speaking he levelled a fixed gaze on Hendry. "Perhaps that may mean considerably more to you than to the others," he said next. "Indeed I'm afraid that some of our scholarship boys could well afford to come here without any help. But in your case, Hendry—oh, yes, your father has fully acquainted me with his circumstances—in your case twenty pounds more every year will prove a signally useful addition, especially as the older you grow the more you will need." He paused again, and his gaze became even more searching. "Well, I should like to see you win it, and so would the Headmaster. We think you can win it; you have not dropped back in your work and the papers you did on entrance were the best, as you know."

With this the Maypole reached out his hand for his pipe, and Hendry realised that no more was forthcoming. He had been given a strong hint of what was expected of him.

"Good-night, sir," he uttered.

"Er—good-night," said the Maypole abstractedly.

Next Monday. The words chimed through Hendry's brain and kept time, as he went, with his feet. Twenty pounds a year to be won next Monday!

But supposing Major had not put him straight by next Monday?

The life went from Hendry's step, his excitement died out. Suppose he had not returned the Cup by next Monday and faced the music right out? In that case he couldn't try to win the money.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Henry or Henrietta?

It was an extraordinary letter; Henry could not understand it at all.

Dear Henry (it said), I hear you are wanting a kitten, though I can't imagine how it is that Grandmother has changed her mind about this! Captain Sharp at the Rabbit Farm knows of a lady who has the sweetest little orange fellow she wants to get rid of. Go round that way when you can. Your loving Moyra.

Henry was very fond of animals, but he lived, while his people were in India, with his grandmother and she did not like pets. He longed for a kitten, but why Cousin Moyra thought Grannie was going to allow him to have one he could not imagine. So he folded up the letter, swallowed down his coffee, and ran off to school.

It was Wednesday and a half holiday, and Henry was exceedingly fond of cycling. What more natural than that he should try to get a glimpse of the kitten—for the thought of it had returned after lessons were over.

Captain Sharp was in. He was combing his rabbits in one of his rabbit houses. When Henry called he always stayed a long time helping. So it was this time. And after Henry had watered and fed forty Buns to help his friend he asked about the kitten.

"It's a beauty," said Captain Sharp, looking rather queer. "But I shouldn't bother to go, Henry. It won't be there."

"Has somebody bought it?" queried Henry sadly.

Captain Sharp coughed. "Yes," he said.

"I did want just to stroke it," said poor Henry. "And I wanted to see if it had feathers in its ears. That is a mark of the true Persian, you know. Where did it live?"

"At Greencot, Green Lane, with old Mrs. Hulbert. But I should go straight home, Henry. It isn't there now."

"I don't very much want to go home," Henry thought, fidgeting his bicycle bell as he stood for a moment thinking. "And there's nothing to do." So he cycled along to Green Lane, and found the old woman tying up a clematis at her gate.

"Oh, I have got dear wee William of Orange a home," she told him merrily. "He's gone to a child called—let's see, my memory's going—Henrietta."

Oh, how Henry envied Henrietta then! Who was she?

He went off home solemnly, threw open the door of the sitting-room, and almost stumbled over a little furry form chasing its own tail!

"I picked up your letter from your cousin, Henry," came the placid voice of Grannie by the fire. "So I went along to Captain Sharp, found out where pussy could be had, and fetched it for you, darling. I suppose you think Grannie has forgotten it is your birthday. She hasn't!"

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The Children's Newspaper

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Praise to All the Past Has Made Us



THE BRAN TUB

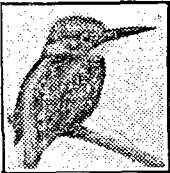
The Farmer's Puzzle

A FARMER wished to buy a certain number of horses, sheep, and pigs. The cost of each horse was £10, that of the sheep £3, and that of the pigs 10s.

When he had completed his purchase he found that he had spent exactly £100, and also had just one hundred animals. Can you find out how many horses, sheep, and pigs he had bought? *Answer next week*

What Shakespeare Meant

IN Shakespeare's Measure for Measure occur the words, "Shave the head and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barbed before his death." The word barbed here means shaved, or having the beard trimmed.



The Kingfisher

In Henry VI, Part I, we read "Expect St Martin's summer, halcyon days." Halcyon is the English spelling of a Greek word which means a kingfisher.

The words "Gravity to play at cherry-pit," occur in Twelfth Night. Cherry-pit was a children's game which consisted of throwing cherry stones into a small hole.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE pied wagtail is seen. Flocks of greenfinches begin to separate. The tawny owl hoots. The chaffinch begins to sing. The small smooth eel is seen in ponds. Spurge laurel and field speedwell are in flower.

A Buried Proverb

FROM each of the following sentences take one word and so make a well-known proverb.

The sportsman has many admirers.

A horse is measured in hands.

In Nottingham they make lace.

Give him a match to light the fire.

Hard work will bring its reward.

Answer next week

Animal Weather Prophets

ANIMALS and birds are affected by the dampness of the air, and their actions help us to foretell the weather, as in these examples:

Gulls fly inland when bad weather is coming.

Sheep turn their backs to bad weather.

Moths fly about in large numbers in the evening before a fine day.

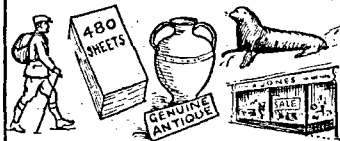
Fish come near the surface of the water when rain is approaching.

Larks fly high before a fine day.

Donkeys bray loudly before rain.

Changeling

R	O	O	M
C	E	L	L

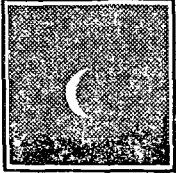


Change the word Room into Cell with five intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you. *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Venus, and Uranus are in the

South-West, and Mars is in the South. In the morning Saturn is in the South-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on February 5.



Hidden Names

A GIRL's name is hidden in each of the following sentences: We used to live in London in days gone by.

Can you name a date on which you can visit us?

Did you see the Lord Mayor's Show?

You must not mar your copy-book with blots.

Let us go and skate on the ice.

There was a glum audience because the play was bad.

Tell me his name again; I can never remember it. *Answer next week*

On Parle Français



La raquette L'oratrai Le radis

On joue au tennis avec une raquette. Les plumes d'oratraie sont estimées. Combien coûte cette botte de radis?

Jack and His Father

JACK is 12 years old. His father was 33 years old when Jack was born. How old will the father be when his age is just three times that of Jack? *Answer next week*

How the Archimedeon Screw Got Its Name

THE Archimedeon screw is an instrument for raising water, said to have been invented by Archimedes, the mathematician of Syracuse, who was killed when the Romans captured the city in 212 B.C. The



screw is a tube wound spirally round an axis within a cylinder, and as the screw is turned water enters the lowest bend and is carried up till it is expelled at the top. It is still in use in Sicily.

What Am I?

My first is in bat but not in ball. My second is in fence but not in wall.

My third is in lose but not in find. My fourth is in love but not in kind. My fifth is in ship but not in boat. My sixth is in hat but not in coat. My seventh is in moon but not in star. My eighth is in near but not in far. My ninth is in castle but not in fort. My whole makes distance of no import. *Answer next week*

The Australian Bush

WHEN people who do not know Australia hear or read a reference to "the Bush" they generally imagine vast plains covered with scrub or low bushes.

Actually the Australian Bush means great tracts of forest land in which there are giant trees. Some of the world's best and most useful timber comes from the Australian Bush.

Jacko in a Trap

JACKO was hardly ever invited to tea at Chimp's house. The fact was Mrs. Chimp didn't like him. She said he made Chimp twice as naughty as he was already.

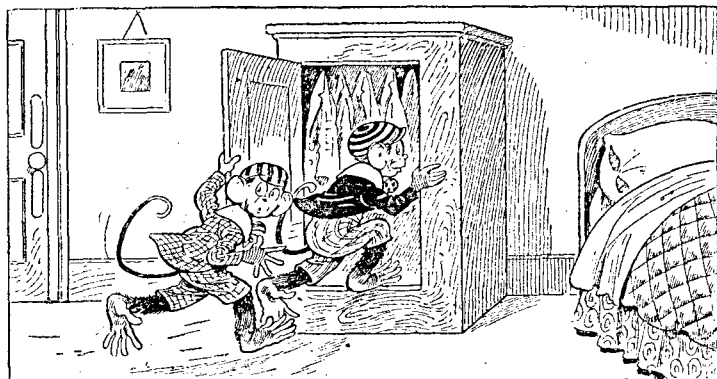
There was a good deal of truth in what Mrs. Chimp said. When Jacko was in the house something was sure to happen.

One day Chimp came bounding along with an invitation. "It's my birthday," he exclaimed gleefully. "The Mater says I can have anybody I like to tea. And I've got a whole heap of chocolates waiting to be eaten!"

Of course Jacko was off like a shot. Mrs. Chimp greeted him very pleasantly: Chimp's birthday made all the difference.

It really was a very jolly afternoon, although Jacko and Chimp both ate far too much. Chimp certainly had had a lot of sweets given to him, but by tea-time they had nearly all disappeared.

Mrs. Chimp was horrified when she saw the empty boxes.



"Quick! Into the wardrobe!" whispered Chimp

"You both deserve to be very ill," she said severely. And she picked up the only remaining tin of toffee and took it away.

Chimp made a grimace. "Never mind, old man," he said to Jacko. "We'll have a good tea."

It was a wonder that either of them could eat any. Mrs. Chimp could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw the birthday cake disappearing, to say nothing of the cream buns.

What is more, even that didn't satisfy the young rascals. No sooner was tea over than Jacko began looking round the schoolroom. "I'd like to find that tin of toffee," he said.

"No good," said Chimp gloomily. "The Mater's hidden it." And then he cheered up a bit. "She may have taken it up to her room," he said hopefully. "Let's have a look."

Fortunately for them Mrs. Chimp was busy in the kitchen. They crept upstairs very quietly and began to explore Mrs. Chimp's room.

"Look behind the dressing-table," whispered Jacko. "That's where my Mater generally hides things. What's that?"

At that moment they heard a creak. Mrs. Chimp was coming upstairs.

"Quick! Into the wardrobe!" whispered Chimp. "Here goes! Never mind the dresses!"

The next minute Mrs. Chimp was in the room. "I'm sure I heard a noise," she said, looking rather worried. "Perhaps I was mistaken."

But there was no mistaking what happened next. Suddenly the wardrobe began to sway in front of Mrs. Chimp's bewildered eyes, and the next moment down it came with a crash.

Mrs. Chimp nearly collapsed as well. But she managed to pull herself together and call for help. Mr. Chimp rushed upstairs, brandishing a heavy walking-stick.

Jacko and Chimp were nicely caught.

Do You Live at Penzance?

THE name Penzance is made up of two old Cornish words Peda and sans, meaning headland and holy. The name therefore means holy headland, a reference to some sacred character which it bore in olden times.

Who Are They?

THE following definitions represent the names of famous persons. Who are they?

What Oliver Twist asked for.

A very tall man.

A quality possessed by a racing car.

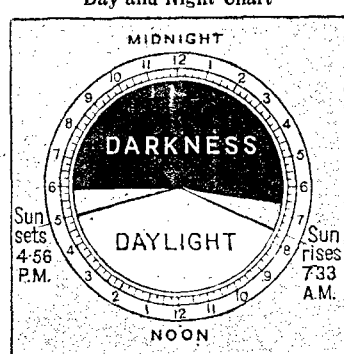
A frisky young animal.

Light-hearted, merry.

A worker in a precious metal.

Something you will get if you play with fire. *Answer next week*

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

Dr. MERRYMAN

The Heckler

THE prospective candidate for parliamentary honours was holding forth. Modesty was not his chief virtue. "Yes," he said, "I always throw myself into anything I undertake." "Then why not dig a well?" came a voice from the back of the hall.

Not Risking It

THE restaurant was not noted for the excellence of its fare.

"I say, waiter," said a diner, you can't expect me to eat this. Bring the manager."

"It's no use, sir. He won't eat it either."

The Optimist

FLOODS had been very bad in the Slocum district, and a newspaper man hired a boat and rowed out to a farm to interview the farmer. The farmer was found sitting on the roof of an outhouse.

"I suppose all your stock was washed away?" began the reporter.

"Yes," replied the farmer, "but the ducks can swim."

"Cornfields ruined?" pursued the pressman.

"Yes, but the crops were not worth much," said the farmer.

"As I came by your house I noticed that the water was up to your windows," the reporter volunteered.

"No matter," replied the optimist; "they wanted washing."

An Intruder



"WHAT'S the quarrel up yonder?" asked Snorum of Snip, Who replied, as he chuckled with glee, "Oh, last autumn young Squirrel stored various nuts in Father Owl's bedroom, you see!"

Road Hogs, Please Note

TWO friends were discussing the merits and demerits of motoring.

"The cost of the car is not so bad," said one. "What worries most is the upkeep."

"Yes," replied the other, "and very often the turnover."

Standing Still

AN old Negro was making his first Atlantic crossing. He did not spend much time on deck, but when he came up one morning for an hour or so, as was his custom, and saw the great expanse of ocean all round the vessel, he exclaimed in surprise: "Well, if dat ain't funny! We are just where we was dis time yesterday."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

A Charade

Star-ling

Transposition

Words, sword.

Puzzle Answers

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Too many cooks spoil the broth. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones. A rolling stone gathers no moss. A fool and his money are soon parted. A cat may look at a king.

A Riddle in Rhyme

Trumpet

Who WAS He?

Mankind's Grand

Old Man was

Humboldt

Hidden Animals

s i s s s p g

PANTHER

i t e a o r a

CHAMOIS

e e k p t l s

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

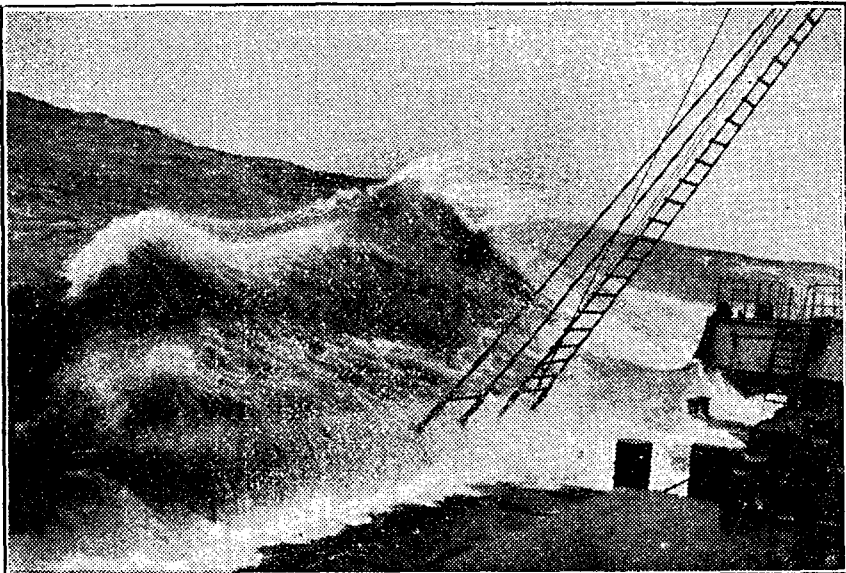
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 2, 1929

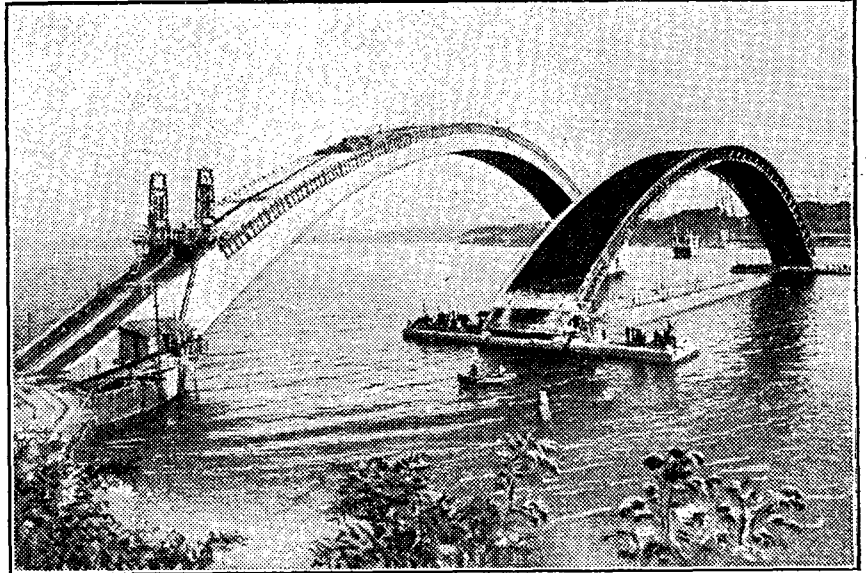
Every Thursday, 2d.

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WORKMAN IN ARMOUR · CHILDREN'S TRAFFIC SIGNAL · THRIFTY HOUSEWIVES



In the South Seas—Very rough seas are sometimes experienced in the Great Australian Bight, the wide bay to the south of Western and South Australia, as we see by this picture of water pouring over the side of a ship as she rolled in the trough of a huge wave.



Floating a Bridge—A remarkable engineering feat is being carried out at Brest, where a bridge is being built across the River Elorn. This picture shows a span being floated into position on rafts. The spans are the longest of their kind in the world.



A Workman in Armour—This strange costume is worn by a workman in a steel foundry. The helmet, which is supplied with fresh air through a pipe, is a protection against flying splinters of steel.



Lost in the Snow—This picture was taken at a cross-roads in Surrey just after a recent blizzard. The cyclist could not find his way until he had scraped the snow off the signpost.



Traffic Signal for Children—In Los Angeles, California, this signal has been erected near a school to enable children to cross the road safely. The traffic can be stopped by raising the arm of the signal.



Thrifty Housewives—Potato peelings from town houses usually find their way to the dust-bin, but these Berlin housewives have found that they can barter the peelings for firewood, the dealer who makes the exchange taking the potato peel to a pig farm.



Cleaning a Statue—The smoke-laden atmosphere quickly begrimes the works of art in London's outdoor gallery. Here we see cleaners at work on Thomas Thornycroft's fine Boadicea group which stands by the Thames in the shadow of Big Ben.

INCREDIBLE NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA. SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

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